THE GENEROUS GUARDIAN:

OR, THE HISTORY OF HORATIO SAVILLE, Esq; AND MISS LOUISA C****

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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THE

PREFACE.

NOVELS are of late become ſo cheap in the literary world, that little, in general, is to be expected from them; and even ſuch geniuſes as are capable of highly finiſhing them, ſeldom beſtow the time or pains neceſſary upon them, as deeming neither the fame nor advantage they are likely to gain, ſufficient to recompenſe them for their trouble.

Yet all this would be but a ſorry excuſe for writing nonſenſe, and attempting to paſs baſe metal on the public for ſterling

ſenſe.—We ſhall not pretend to ſay how far we are innocent of the charge, but leave it entirely to the judgment of the public, by whoſe award alone we muſt expect to ſtand or fall.

The characters (the two principal of which, the reader will find bear a reſemblance to ſome of a late celebrated writer in the novel way) the editor has endeavoured to mark as ſtrongly as poſſible.—It has been obſerved, that there is in every one a predominant paſſion, which gives a caſt and colour to his whole life. His care has been to ſhew how far a too great indulgence of this paſſion in *ourſelves*, or an undue oppoſition to it in *others*, may prove prejudicial to us in our voyage through life: or, in other words, to recommend to every individual the niceſt attention

attention to his own temper, and that of thoſe about him. For never can we make ourſelves maſters of two more uſeful pieces of ſcience than *the knowledge of mankind and of ourſelves.*

After what has been ſaid, it will be unneceſſary to offer any thing farther by way of apology for the enſuing ſheets; ſince, after all we can advance, this work, like all others, muſt at laſt be left to ſpeak for itſelf.

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THE

THE GENEROUS GUARDIAN: OR, THE HISTORY OF H. SAVILLE, Esq. and Miss C——.

CHAP. I.

Some Account of the SAVILLE Family—Birth of HORATIO—His Mother's Deceaſe—Various Reflexions.

IN a rural retirement in the Weſt of England, where beautiful Nature laviſhed all her ſtore, to adorn the landſcape, lived a gentleman of

an ancient and honourable family, but ſmall fortune, whoſe name was Saville.

Having ſucceeded to the poſſeſſion of an eſtate which he found much encumbered, and having diſobliged many who called themſelves his friends, in the choice of a conſort, he found himſelf greatly confined in his views, which the proſpect of a riſing family made him wiſh to extend, for the ſake of poſterity.

This conſideration induced him to purchaſe a ſhare in ſome of the mines, with which that part of the country abounds. Theſe, however, were ſo far from anſwering his expectations, that he ſuſtained ſuch loſſes by them, as obliged him to borrow a conſiderable ſum of money on the yet unincumbered part of the eſtate, for which purpoſe he had recourſe to the Earl of L——, a neighbouring nobleman, in whoſe hands the writings of it were depoſited.

This

This peer had ever profeſſed a great regard for the Saville family, but his friendſhip, like that of many others in the world, proved to be no more than a *mere profeſſion*; for the eſtate not being redeemed within the limited time, he foreclоſed the right of redemption, and ſeized it for his own proper uſe.

However, it is probable that he would not have proceeded ſo rigorouſly in this affair, if Mr. Saville had not once interceded with the lord of the manor in behalf of a poor tenant, whom his lordſhip had a great inclination to ſee ruined, for having preſumed to follow the dictates of his conſcience, and vote in the oppoſite intereſt, at a general election. It was for this act of humanity, that the offended *great man* became an enemy to the Saville family: for he was one that had never been accuſtomed to be croſſed in any thing; but was ſuffered, in early

youth, wantonly to purſue the bent of his inclinations, on this falſe principle, 'That 'the paſſions, indulged in infancy, will, 'at the age of maturity, of themſelves 'ſubſide, ſubmit to the arrangement of 'reaſon, and ſettle into virtue.' A fatal miſtake in education, of which the whole tenor of the earl's life and converſation was a flagrant inſtance.

Mr. Saville had yet remaining one rich relation, who was able abundantly to have aſſiſted him; but he was ſo much diſobliged at his choice of a conſort, that, it was eaſy to perceive, nothing was to be expected from that quarter.

In the midſt of his loſſes and embarraſſments, the fond huſband conſoled himſelf with the fidelity and tenderneſs of the beloved creature whom he had taken to his arms; with her he promiſed himſelf, tho' not affluence and ſplendor, yet peace and con-

contentment, the very ſalt and ſeaſoning of life: domeſtic happineſs he enjoyed; yet, in a courſe of years, he began to feel the effects of his loſſes, and the more ſo, on account of his generoſity. He was, indeed, one who ſeemed to think he exiſted only to benefit his fellow-creatures. Diſtreſs never ſued to him in vain, while he had the power to relieve it; and he was ever firſt in alms and donations; not thoſe of *oſtentation*, but of *pity* and *benevolence*: he delighted not to have his name deep-graven on the front of a ſuperb edifice, but wiſhed rather to have it written in the grateful hearts of ſuch as he had relieved. When his *power* of doing good began to be circumſcribed, the *will* remained, and was an allay to his happineſs. Thus circumſtanced, he withdrew, as we have ſaid, though ſtill in the ſummer of his days, to a little rural ſpot, which he cauſed to be cultivated under his own im-

mediate direction, where he reſolved to take up his future reſidence, and court that peace, which he had not been able to enjoy amidſt the hurry and tumult of a buſy world.

Here it pleaſed Heaven, whom he had wearied with his ſupplications, to grant him a ſon, whoſe life will be the ſubject of the following ſheets.

But the joy this event occaſioned was of ſhort duration; ſince Providence, who bleſſed him with a child, was pleaſed to deprive him of his wife, who loſt her life by a cold taken within the month after her lying-in of our hero. Misfortune had before given but a ſlight ſpecimen of the woes ſhe could inflict upon the generous heart of Mr. Saville; it was now he felt her ſevereſt ſhafts; and indeed the dying lady was the only one who roſe ſuperior to this unexpected ſtroke.

She

She took an affectionate farewel of her afflicted huſband and her infant ſon, over whom ſhe ſhed a ſhower of tears, and after having bleſſed them, ſhe expired amidſt the lamentations of her friends. As for Mr. Saville, his peace ſeemed to have expired with her: joy forſook his breaſt, his proſpect of contentment vaniſhed, and the tranquility which had promiſed to gild his days, departed like the ſetting ſun: the gloom of melancholy ſucceeded, and cauſed all things to wear a diſagreeable aſpect. The woods, the ſtreams, delighted now no more, and his late beloved haunts ſerved now only to remind him of his loſt happineſs. If he remained at home, every domeſtic object put him in remembrance of his departed conſort; if he walked abroad, his feet involuntarily ſtrayed into the paths ſhe was accuſtomed to frequent; then heaved the ſigh, and the big tear rolled down his manly cheek. Frequently

would he take the young Horatio in his arms, and, while he contemplated in his viſage the features of his deceaſed mother, ſigh over him, imploring of Heaven to beſtow on the child that felicity which was denied to his parents: and to act *his* part, Mr. Saville reſolved to give his ſon all the advantages of education in his power: not contented to truſt ſo dear a charge to the management of others, the father became himſelf the inſpector of his child's ſtudies, inſtilling at once into his youthful mind, the firſt principles of learning, and thoſe of religion and virtue. 'My ſon' ſaid he, 'I have not wealth, I have not honours 'to leave thee, let me then endeavour to 'beſtow upon thee the more ſubſtantial 'treaſures of virtue and of knowledge. 'Theſe may hereafter prove to thee a laſt-'ing inheritance, not to be ſnatched 'away by accident, which ſhall increaſe 'and brighten with the length of days; 'they

'they may greatly contribute to thy contentment *here*, and be the means of procuring for thee an eternity of happineſs *hereafter*.' Such were the ſentiments, ſuch the hopes of this pious gentleman; and every revolving year promiſed him ſtill more ſatisfaction in the diſcharge of his parental office. The young plant, watered by his hand, gave early tokens of a riſing genius, which revolving years were to bring to perfection.

While Mr. Saville's fondneſs for the child incraaſed, his ſorrow for the mother abated; yet it was by ſlow degrees: ſtill was her loved idea preſent in his mind, memory ſtill reflected her image. It is true, grief generally wears off with time, and a loud ſorrow, like a violent tempeſt, ſoon ſubſides into a calm: but ſuch an anguiſh of heart as we are deſcribing, not delighting to vent itſelf in words, not ſeeking relief in clamorous complain-

ings; occaſioned by ſo dear a loſs, nurſed in ſolitude, and cheriſhed by contemplation; ſuch a grief is certainly extremely difficult to be conquered: and whatever joy Mr. Saville could taſte, after the deceaſe of his conſort, was always daſhed by the regret he felt that ſhe could not ſhare it with him.

Horatio, though by nature lively, began to be tinctured with this melancholy; which the indulgent parent perceived, and haſtened to diſſipate, by diverting his attention, and removing him, at times, to the houſe of a neighbouring gentleman, whom we ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Acaſto.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Character of Acaſto—Death of Mr. Saville—Remarks on Guardians, and the Difference between them.

THE gentleman mentioned in the foregoing chapter, was a diſtant relation to Mr. Saville, who had paid him frequent viſits in his retirement, and, in return, invited the young Horatio, whom his father was well pleaſed to ſee careſſed by ſo worthy a man.

The two friends were, indeed, the counterpart of each other in their virtues and accompliſhments; but Fortune had beſtowed on Acaſto the wealth ſhe had denied to the father of Horatio. He was a widower, and had an only child whom he doated on; her name was Louiſa, and ſhe was then intruſted to the care of an aunt

in

in London. Meanwhile Acaſto, who delighted in acts of generoſity, had taken home the ſon of a deceaſed relation, whom he educated as his own child. For he was not one of the many, whoſe ſole view, in deeds of charity, is oſtentation, and who, if ever they do good to their fellow-creature, are perpetually reminding the unhappy one of his infinite obligations to them; ſeeking thus to enſlave the free mind, by way of recompenſing themſelves for perſonal benefits, conferred with a bad grace, and flowing from a worſe heart. Acaſto differed ſo widely from theſe men, that he treated this youth, whoſe name was Branſley, with all the politeneſs of a *gentleman*, at the ſame time that he watched over his conduct with all the tender care of a *relation*; ſtill burying under the name of guardian the favours conferred on one whoſe parents were ſo little capable of leaving him a fortune, that they had even

even ſubſiſted themſelves for ſome time before their death, on the mere bounty of Acaſto.

Branſley was a youth of good talents, but a cloſe and artful temper; his paſſions, in general, not being violent, required but little controul, to prevent their breaking out; though, like half-ſmothered embers, they continued glowing in ſecret, even when they ſeemed moſt completely extinguiſhed. Though his heart too was not ſenſible of the feelings of humanity, he was yet very capable of aſſuming its appearance, and well ſkilled in the arts of perſuaſion. With ſuch qualifications, this young gentleman acquired the eſtimation of a virtuous, ſober, and *prudent* youth, with what juſtice the ſequel will ſhew.

Horatio, arrived at the age of ſixteen, exhibited a ſtriking contraſt to this character: in perſonal accompliſhments, he

ſurpaſſed

ſurpaſſed him, was brave, generous, and ſincere; of warm paſſions, and incapable of diſguiſe; in his friendſhip ardent and perſevering, in his anger violent and impetuous; rather eaſily provoked, but ſtill more eaſily reconciled, and poſſeſſed the moſt extenſive benevolence towards all mankind.

Theſe young gentlemen were frequently together, in conſequence of the intimacy between Horatio's father, and the guardian of Branſley; the latter of whom was often heard to declare, that, if he ſurvived Mr. Saville, he would charge himſelf with the education of his ſon alſo: a declaration which ſounded very diſagreeably in the ears of his ward, who extended his views farther into futurity than is cuſtomary with people of his years.

Mr. Saville, with the advice of Acaſto, embarked far the greater part of his remaining

maining fortune with the celebrated Mr. T——, a merchant in London; and this was a ſort of deviation from the rule of life he had adopted, that he did not make without reluctance.

The event was fatal—the merchant ſoon after became a bankrupt, cheated all his creditors, and Mr. Saville among the reſt, a thouſand pounds of whoſe money, he was honeſt enough to receive, and convert to his own uſe, the very week before he ſtopped payment. Two ſhillings in the pound only remained for the creditors, and many were entirely ruined by his defection.

When our hero's father received news of this, he was indiſpoſed, and the ſevere ſhock this laſt loſs gave him, which altogether amounted not to leſs than three-fourths of what he was worth, augmented his malady to ſuch a degree, that a fever

ſucceeded

ſucceeded, of ſo violent a nature that his phyſicians all declared his life to be in danger.

Such a ſucceſſion of misfortunes was too much for a man of his feelings to bear, and how great ſoever might be the fortitude of his mind, his body ſunk under the preſſure. Horatio was at that time abſent on a viſit to his worthy friend, and future guardian, who even already began to treat him with a ſort of parental tenderneſs, regarding himſelf as his ſecond father and protector; while the youth, on his part, returned a love and reſpect, exceeded only by that which he paid to his parent. Branſley beheld theſe regards with envy; but it was not a time for him to diſcover it, and he knew well how to diſſemble.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Character of a great Perſonage—Marriage in high Life—A Deathbed Scene—Uſeful Rules for the Conduct of Youth.

WHEN Acaſto received the news of his friend's condition, he, together with Horatio, haſtened to viſit and conſole him. This generous man would even have re-imburſed to Mr. Saville the ſum that he had loſt by following his advice; but Mr. Saville would by no means accept his offer. 'Forbear, my dear A-'caſto,' ſaid he, 'to wound me with a 'ſuppoſition that I hold you accountable 'for this unforeſeen event. Alas! my 'friend, Providence has been pleaſed in-'deed to afflict and diſappoint me in this 'world; but perhaps it is with a view 'to diſpoſe my mind toward heavenly 'things, and prepare me for another (I hope,

'hope a better) ſtate, whither I am verg-
'ing very faſt. Alas!' turning to Ho-
ratio) 'what a ſlender ſupport ſhall I be-
'queath to thee, my child; but Hea-
'ven is merciful.'

Tears deprived him of utterance; and the good Acaſto now took the opportunity of endeavouring to calm the mind of the father, by promiſing to become the guardian of his ſon. He had long ſurveyed with pleaſure the quick genius and good diſpoſition of the youth, and feared not to add one to a family which he was abundantly able to provide for.

His daughter Louiſa had been taught to look on Branſley as a brother, and a cordial affection appeared between them, when ſhe viſited her father; this, however, was not often, as her aunt, the Lady Marſham, was doatingly fond of a town-life. She was about thirty-five, and a very

ry fine woman: at ſeventeen ſhe had married Sir Thomas Rainſby, a great rake; long accuſtomed to ill habits, his marriage was by no means able to correct them: he ſtill continued ſacrificing to them his health and fortune, and, dying in the prime of life, left his conſort little beſides his title to remember him by. Her ladyſhip, whoſe circumſtances were not ſuited to her wiſhes, in order to better them, was wedded a ſecond time to the rich Sir Edward Marſham. With him ſhe led the life of a perſon of the firſt quality: if HE did not behave tenderly, he was *polite*; and as *he* had beſtowed on *her* the power of pleaſing, SHE, in return, paid *him* with *complaiſance*. Thus appearances were preſerved on both ſides; and moſt people deemed Sir Edward and his lady *a happy couple enough*. The reader will not, wonder, we apprehend, that the perſon characteriſed above was not fond of viſiting

ing

ing the country. Solitude and retirement, ſhady groves and purling ſtreams could have but few charms for her, who was long accuſtomed to the glare of midnight torches, and whoſe heart was ſet upon operas, aſſemblies, and all the faſhionable diverſions of the *grand monde*.

But to return: —— When Mr. Saville drew near his end, he ſummoned Acaſto and the young Horatio to his chamber, and, graſping the hand of the latter, the dying parent thus addreſſed his ſon.

'My dear child, I perceive, I feel from 'within, that I am now about to quit this 'world: ſuch has been my lot in it, that 'I may well yield a chearful obedience to 'Heaven that calls me hence, and relin-'quiſh without a ſigh my unhappy exiſt-'ence: but for *you*, my dear Horatio, 'I look anxiouſly into futurity, and ex-'tend my cares beyond my own life's du-

'ration,

'ration. It may, perhaps, appear un-
'neceſſary thus late to repeat to you leſ-
'ſons of piety and virtue ſo early inſtilled
'into your mind: yet remember, you
'have been long bred in a rural retire-
'ment, and are ſoon, perhaps, to launch
'into a world whoſe manners you may be
'too much a ſtranger to: for I perceive,
'your youth and active genius will not
'long permit you to remain in obſcurity.
'But, believe me, my child, many a
'virtue that blooms in ſolitude, is injured
'by emerging from the ſheltering ſhade;
'or droops, unable to endure the rough
'blaſts of affliction. Nor this alone;—bad
'men, ill habits, and worſe example, of-
'ten betray the unthinking ardour of
'youth into the ſnares of wickedneſs; and
'virtue is loſt, for want of a prudence,
'too frequently the reſult only of dear-
'bought experience. In entering early on
'life, you will embark on a troubled ſea,

'through

'through which there is need of a ſkilful 'pilot, to conduct you to the haven of 'peace. Your couſin, my friend, the 'good Acaſto, (to whoſe care I ſolemnly 'commend you, and to whoſe precepts I 'enjoin you an obedience I know your 'heart approves) he may beſt undertake 'that office, when I ſhall be no more. 'His *example* will encourage you to prac-'tiſe the leſſons which his *precepts* incul-'cate: you will become the *wiſer* for at-'tending to his *prudence*, the *better* for 'contemplating his *virtues*. As for the 'reſt, a due attention to the manners of 'men in *general*, and to the tempers of 'thoſe whom you have to deal with, in '*particular*, (together with a ſteady regard 'for ſtrict honour and juſtice) will carry 'you through life, if not with a grand '*eclat*, and the tumultuous applauſes of 'the *many*, at leaſt, with the juſtly-merited '*plaudit* of the *wiſe* and *good*.'

This,

This, and much more he ſaid, interrupted with many a ſigh, while Horatio ſtood by his bedſide, with his eyes brimful of tears, fixed alternately on his dear father and his future guardian. Acaſto's heart, which was ſuſceptible of the moſt tender feelings, was deeply affected with the ſcene. He preſſed his kinſman to his boſom with real tenderneſs, aſſuring Mr. Saville, that his ſon ſhould never want a friend while he ſurvived. The two friends then took an affectionate leave of each other; and on the morning of the next day Mr. Saville expired. The pious Horatio was almoſt ready to follow him, and was overwhelmed with a ſorrow that words can ſcarcely deſcribe. Acaſto, though himſelf a mourner, cauſed him to be ſeparated from the object of his grief, the remains of his deceaſed parent, and ſoothed his ſorrows with the moſt friendly conſolations. He removed

removed him to his own houſe, and, having ſeen the obſequies of his friend performed, in a manner ſuitable to his will, he began to look into the affairs of the deceaſed, which he found much confuſed. In the diſcharge of this truſt, he ſought not, like the generality of guardians, to pay himſelf for his trouble out of the ſlender pittance of his ward, which he was inclined rather to *increaſe* than *diminiſh*; the pleaſure of doing good being all the reward he wiſhed, and all the gain he propoſed, the happineſs of aſſiſting the orphan.

[But let it not be ſaid here, that we ſeek by praiſing any man, or ſet of men, to throw a ſcandal on others; much leſs that we mean to caſt reflexions on ****** or ††††, or the guardians of the Hon. Mr. H———, who obliged him to ſpend three parts of his fortune in the recovery of the fourth;—far be it from us to ſay what

what they *were*; we only declare what Acaſto *was not*. Now there is certainly a wide difference between theſe *negative* characters and *poſitive* aſſertions; and herein appears the wiſdom of the legiſlature, ſince, though it would puniſh a man for calling his neighbour *rogue*, would nevertheleſs bear him blameleſs in declaring himſelf aloud to be *no rogue* like *ſome people he could name*; even though he ſhould, by a nod, or ſignificant ſhrug, as fully explain his meaning, as if he had poſitively aſſerted the perſon in queſtion to be a vile one. With which ingenious obſervation we ſhall conclude this chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Grief in its different Stages — Alleviated by Friendſhip.

THOUGH Horatio was a moſt unwelcome gueſt to Branſley; yet, by virtue of the wonderful command the latter had over his iraſcible faculties, he adjuſted every muſcle of his face, ſo as to meet with apparent pleaſure the perſon he hated. Accordingly, he counterfeited the higheſt ſatisfaction in receiving our hero as a brother, whom, he ſaid, he had always regarded as a friend; at the ſame time he condoled with him on the death of his father. 'This,' continued he, 'is 'indeed a great loſs; however, it will be 'alleviated, in a great meaſure, by the 'care of Acaſto; at leaſt, I *hope*, it will; 'though, it muſt be owned, there is a 'ſenſible difference between the good of-'fices of a *ſtranger*, and the indulgent

'care

'care of a *parent*, as I myſelf have ex-'perienced.' The hint thrown out in this ſpeech was loſt on Horatio, whoſe mind was too greatly affected to dwell on the *minutiæ* of ſentences. However, he thanked Branſley for his friendly profeſſions, and haſtened to ſhut himſelf up in his chamber, where he remained, for many days, the prey of grief and gloomy melancholy.

Acaſto long endeavoured in vain to reconcile him to ſocial converſe, and induce him to become again the companion of his friends and acquaintance: he ſeemed as if, inſenſible to all intreaties, he had been determined to waſte the prime of his years in fruitleſs ſorrow, and mourning for one who had but laid down a miſerable life, in all probability, to exchange it for a better ſtate.

But Acaſto at length prevailed.—To conquer this diſpoſition in the youth, he

ſet before his eyes, at one time, the religious duty of reſignation, at another, the obligations due to ſociety. To ſuch reaſoning, in ſome meaſure, he yielded; yet ſtill he joyed in ſolitude, and, though he ſhut himſelf no more in his chamber, he frequently would ſteal for whole hours from company, to wander in the woods, which ſurrounded his guardian's houſe, and loſe himſelf in contemplation.

Grief, in ſhort, was doomed the inmate of his breaſt, till it reſigned its empire to a ſtronger and more laſting paſſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

An Apparition by Moonlight, and its Effect on Horatio—A Soliloquy.

AS Horatio was wandering alone one evening through the woods, penſive, and melancholy, a female figure ſuddenly ſtruck his view, reclining negligently on a flowery bank, and warbling forth a tender air, with the fineſt voice in the world. She was arrayed in white, the native garb of innocence, and ſeemed beautiful as an angel; the moon-beams (for the queen of night was riſen) played full on her fair face and ſnowy boſom, with whoſe luſtre her bright eyes ſeemed to vie in radiance. Our Hero, drawing near unobſerved, gazed for awhile in ſilence on her heavenly face, and drank in at his eyes whole draughts of the ſweet poiſon of all-ſubduing love: but ere his full heart could give an utterance to his tongue, the object of his attention, per-

ceiving his approach, retired precipitately into the thickeſt part of the wood, and eluded his view. Recovered from his reſverie, he ſent forth after her his whole ſoul from his eyes, and wandered, ſeeking her in vain, through all the compaſs of the friendly ſhades. His breaſt heaved with ſighs involuntary, and his heart felt an unuſual emotion. 'The lovely viſion,' ſaid he, 'is fled. Ye woods! where have 'you hidden the dear object of my pur-'ſuit? Thou moon! that haſt often been 'witneſs to my ſorrows and complainings, 'lend now thy beams to light me to my 'happineſs. Alas! I ſigh in vain, ſhe is 'fled, and with her my peace. But whi-'ther would my wild imagination hurry 'me? What peace, what pleaſure is there 'for me, an helpleſs orphan? Can I ſo 'ſoon forget my dear departed parent? 'Can grief ſo ſoon give way to tranſient 'pleaſure? Yet, ah! my heart witneſſes 'to an impreſſion it before was a ſtranger 'to: unhappy Horatio! moſt unfortu-'nate paſſion!' Thus

Thus ſpoke the powerful voice of Nature in this child of ſolitude, whoſe breaſt was now become the ſeat of contending paſſions. It was late before he left muſing on this adventure, and retired to his chamber, from whence Acaſto in vain invited him to take ſome refreſhment, and join the company below; he returned for anſwer, that he was indiſpoſed, and, after ſome time ſpent in meditation, withdrew to bed, where for many hours he lay in great agitation of mind. Now he would reſolve never more to mix with ſociety, then he would wiſh to loſe in company his diſagreeable thoughts. Thus paſſed the tedious hours, till Aurora purpled over the morning ſky; when harraſſed Nature ſunk inſenſibly to repoſe, and Sleep awhile ſhed his poppies over his diſturbed brain: To ſuch ſlumbers muſt we leave our hero, and haſten to the concluſion of this chapter.

[Here it may not be amiſs to obſerve that, however ſtrange *love at firſt ſight* may appear, it is by no means impoſſible; ſuch indeed are generally ſtrong impreſſions, and if they are not always laſting, it is rather owing to ſome defects in the object of them, than to any other cauſe; therefore, as the caſe before us was widely different, the impreſſion here became not only *ſtrong*, but *permanent*.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

A Surprize—Deſcription of Miſs Louiſa C——. Various Characters.

THE next morning, Acaſto himſelf came to inſiſt on Horatio's attendance at breakfaſt, 'where,' ſaid he 'I 'will introduce you to an agreeable com'pany. There are ſome who are very de'ſirous of your converſation; therefore let 'me intreat you . . . .'

Horatio accompanied his guardian to the parlour; where the latter preſenting the former to a beautiful young lady, ſaid, 'This is my daughter Louiſa, who in'treats a ſiſter's place in your affections.' But what was his ſurprize, when in the perſon of this lady, he again beheld the beauteous viſion that had charmed him in the grove: the ſame heavenly form preſented itſelf to his ſight, the ſame inchant-

ing voice now delighted his raviſhed ear. He ſaluted her with a trembling emotion, while the crimſon bluſh that dyed her cheek heightened her glowing beauty, and rendered her ſtill more lovely.

Beſides this lady, there was a numerous company aſſembled at Acaſto's before the hour of dinner, the moſt remarkable of whom we ſhall here notice, as their names will occur in the courſe of this hiſtory.

The chief of theſe was the Lady Marſham, of whoſe portrait we have already given the outlines: it may not, however, be amiſs to obſerve farther, that her ladyſhip had dipped ſuperficially into the literary productions of the age, eſpecially philoſophical diſquiſitions, which ſhe affected to be very fond of. In converſation ſhe generally courted the approbation of people of taſte, and very often warded off from her own judgement the ſtroke of cenſure,

by

by the well-turned compliments ſhe paid to that of others; an art ſhe endeavoured to play off on our adventurer, but with little ſucceſs: Branſley, however, fell in more eaſily with her ladyſhip's humour, and was regarded by her with a favourable eye.

Miſs Lovian, a half-ſiſter of Acaſto, was likewiſe preſent. She was of a turn very oppoſite to Lady Marſham: having, in early youth, met with ſome diſappointments in life, particularly in love-affairs, ſhe had remained ſingle till the age of forty, by which time ſhe had amaſſed together a ſufficient competency of ill-nature and prejudices to entitle her to the epithet of *old maid*, in the very worſt ſenſe of the word.

Miſs Iſabella Sydenham (the youngeſt of that name) was a lively brown girl, ſmall of ſtature, with fine black eyes, of which ſhe had an extraordinary command,

and

and which ſpoke the language of love. She was of a turn exceedingly romantic, and this was encouraged by her literary amuſements, which lay chiefly among the novels and idle proluſions of the age.

Here likewiſe was one of the name of Seymour, who appeared the plain country gentleman, not becauſe he was incapable of aſſuming any other part in life, but becauſe that was the character of his choice. He lived retired from a world whoſe manners, in general, he did not approve, and enjoyed his fortune in his own way; which he was always ready to tax to its extent for deeds of charity and benevolence. The ruſt too often contracted by a life of ſolitude, he had not ſuffered to grow upon his mind; and though he loved not the hurry of public life, yet, amongſt a ſelect company of friends, he was a ſocial and chearful companion.

Near

Near this gentleman ſat the good Mr. Allerton, a clergyman of narrow circumſtances, whom he had engaged to live with him, and on whom he beſtowed favours with a liberal hand, which the latter received with reluctance.

As for the daughter of Acaſto, who had ſo ſuddenly captivated the heart of Horatio; ſhe was a young lady of great perſonal and mental accompliſhments, juſt in the bloom of youth: ſcarce yet had ſeventeen ſummers rolled over her head. She was tall and graceful, her hair and eyebrows of a lovely brown; her eyes dark and piercing, her complexion clear as alabaſter: a ſnowy breaſt, a cheek tinged with the bluſh of health and virgin-modeſty; features delicately formed, and an ineffable ſweetneſs of countenance, completed the graces of her *perſon*, to which thoſe of her *mind* were anſwerable;

the

the gueſt was every way ſuited to the manſion. Her winning deportment engaged more admiration than her beauty, and added freſh luſtre to her charms: ſhe was chaſte, pious, tender; innocently gay, and poſſeſſed a ſoul refined and ſuſceptible of the tender paſſions. As to polite accompliſhments, ſhe was a thorough miſtreſs of them; ſhe danced elegantly, ſpoke French and Italian, was a great proficient in muſic; and,

—When ſhe ſang, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſium.

No wonder this young lady was her father's darling, who could no longer bear to be deprived of her company, and reſolved, from that time, to keep her at home with him.

If Horatio was ſmitten with her charms, Branſley was not inſenſible to them; he had beſides in his eye a qualification his fellow-

fellow-ward had overlooked; but which, to one of his turn, far outweighed all the reſt: by this we would be underſtood to mean the large eſtate to which ſhe was undoubted heireſs. From the moment he ſaw her, he had ſet her down for his own, and reſolved to ſtick at nothing to gain her. He knew, indeed, that he was by no means a fit match for her; he knew that he himſelf ſubſiſted on Acaſto's bounty; but theſe conſiderations had no other effect on him, than that of urging him to endeavour at accompliſhing clandeſtinely thoſe deſigns he durſt not openly avow.

Louiſa, in the mean time, experienced certain emotions, which the ſight and converſation of Horatio had raiſed in her boſom: her conduct had ever been guided by the ſtricteſt rules of duty and decorum, from which though ſhe was determined never to ſwerve, yet never could ſhe

ſhe meet our hero without feeling a ſort of nameleſs pleaſure, nor part from him without a fluttering anxiety.

If Acaſto perceived any ſigns of this growing paſſion, he was ſo prudent as not to diſcover that he did; and as for Lady Marſham, while ſhe could have incenſe offered to her vanity, it was eaſy to blind her to any thing elſe.

But the jealous eye of a rival is not ſo eaſily to be deceived; not a look, not a motion of the lovers eſcaped young Branſley; yet though he was uneaſy at the mutual flame he thought he diſcovered in their breaſts, he comforted himſelf with the hope that it might prove a circumſtance whereon one day to build the ruin of Horatio. This, indeed, might at firſt ſeem highly improbable, if the generous mind of Acaſto and the grateful heart of our hero were alone to be conſidered. But there is

a ſet

a ſet of men, who, when they have to deal with the juſt and generous, as it were, make uſe of *themſelves* againſt *themſelves*, ſeeking, like the parent of ill, from *good* to bring forth *evil*; and this was the caſe before us: for Branſley was one of theſe, yet carried ſo fair a face, that the world did not ſuſpect it. To conceal his deſigns on Louiſa, he affected to pay his court to Miſs Iſabella Sydenham, who liſtened with more pleaſure to his pretended addreſſes than himſelf could have wiſhed; a circumſtance which ſometimes not a little embarraſſed him; to ſuch a length did her amorous temper, and wild notions, tranſport this heroine of romance.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

A Struggle between Reaſon and the Paſſions — Its Reſult, with ſuitable Reflexions.

TIME ſtrengthened the inclination the lovers had conceived for each other, which yet both of them were afraid to give external ſigns of; and indeed honour reſtrained Horatio from declaring a paſſion himſelf, or endeavouring to excite one in the heart of a woman with whom there was very little proſpect of his ever being united; for this appeared to him a cruelty unworthy of a man: when, likewiſe, he conſidered his own inexperienced youth, and the relation he ſtood in to Acaſto, on the one hand, and the vaſt fortune of Louiſa, on the other, he held it altogether improper to raiſe his views to ſuch a height. Neither was he fully aſ-

ſured

ſured that the ſame tender paſſion which he had conceived, glowed likewiſe in the heart of his beloved Louiſa; at ſome times, indeed, he thought her eyes declared it; whilſt at others he was inclined to check the fond imagination. 'Hope, 'pleaſing phantom,' ſaid he, 'is ever 'very induſtrious in magnifying *real*, and 'creating *imaginary* pleaſures. What rea-'ſon have I to think that Louiſa, the fair, 'the accompliſhed daughter of the rich 'Acaſto, will deign to look on me, an 'hapleſs orphan, with a favourable eye? 'Love is indeed a great leveller; but 'if the fair one feels his ſtrongeſt influence 'in my favour, alas! how can I prefer 'my ſuit to her father; and, without his 'ſanction, honour forbids to proſecute it. 'Let me then quit theſe ſoothing dreams 'of pleaſure, more deſtructive to my 'peace than even the melancholy in which 'I was ſo lately abſorbed. Alas! Hora-

tio,

'tio, thy ſtruggles are in vain: thou haſt 'drank too deep of the ſweet poiſon; the 'power of Love is diffuſed through all thy 'veins, and become a part of thy very 'exiſtence. Yet will I controul it as far 'at leaſt, as far as I am able.'

Thus argued this child of Nature, who knew the world as yet by books alone: untinctured with the maxims of what is called *life*, a genuine and artleſs ſimplicity, an open and unſuſpecting bravery, ran through his whole conduct. But the ſtrong paſſions he poſſeſſed miſled too often his well-deſigning heart, as his dying father's almoſt prophetic ſpeech had preſaged they would. Love, grief, and conſcious honour, were now ſtruggling in his breaſt, and his innocent heart was diſtracted between them, while Branſley was plotting in ſecret how to make him ſtill more wretched.

Horatio

Horatio was indeed at this time ſurrounded with ſuch dangers as it required the utmoſt efforts of prudence to guard againſt; and while his thoughts were ſo much taken up with *love*, he little imagined how much he had to fear from *hatred*.

Louiſa's ſituation was not very different from that of her lover; and the whole family, had they not been too much engaged in their own affairs, might have read the emotions of their minds expreſsly written on their countenances.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

HORATIO's Paſſion for LOUISA diſcovered in an extraordinary Manner—He is very much embarraſſed, and in Danger of falling into Diſgrace with ACASTO.

PERHAPS ſome of the greateſt evils and croſſes which ariſe in life, are often owing to the neglect of ſtudying the tempers of thoſe we have to deal with. This is not only neceſſary with regard to children and relations, but it is requiſite with regard to every individual whom the unavoidable concerns and buſineſs of life connect us with. Some indeed may think ſo *particular* a ſtudy unneceſſary, and content themſelves with maxims founded on a *general* experience. Yet does that very experience itſelf evince, that the ſucceſs of many in the world is owing to an attention to this rule; while others, bleſſed with great talents, have failed by neglecting it. This is indeed *reading men*; and he that diligently

gently attends this ſtudy, may often reap in youth the fruits of that experience, generally attributed to age, and which many have ſought for in vain, through a long ſucceſſion of years.

Our hero was indeed rather defective in this point, at preſent, and too apt to judge by external appearances, or a ſuperficial view, where he ought rather to have waited for conviction. It was thus he fell into the error of repoſing a confidence in young Branſley, which, in the end, turned out greatly to his diſadvantage. Deceived by the ſober demeanour of that young man, he had long thought him a proper perſon to be entruſted with every ſecret but one, which was that of his love; and *this*, though he never directly diſcovered, Branſley was not long before he made himſelf maſter of.

The ſeat of Acaſto was ſituated on an eminence which commanded an extenſive proſpect

proſpect of the country for many miles round. A delightful pleaſure-garden adjoining to the manſion-houſe, which opened to a ſpacious park, laid out in the moſt romantic taſte, beautified with all the variety of hills and dales, wavy woods, lawns enamelled with flowers; umbrageous grottos, clear glaſſy lakes, and running ſtreams, which here tumbling in hoarſe murmurs from the hills, formed natural caſcades, there gently murmured along their pebbled beds. Here Louiſa uſed often to wander, indulging a kind of pleaſing melancholy, which had poſſeſſed her ever ſince ſhe firſt had beheld Horatio. Sometimes ſhe would repoſe herſelf on the banks crowned with flowers, rapt in ſilent meditations; at others ſhe would employ herſelf in decoying with her baits the ſcaly tribe. It was in this delightful place Horatio had firſt ſurprized her, having wandered thither on the very firſt even-

evening of her arrival; and here it was his fate once more to meet with her, but in far other circumſtances.

A little pleaſure barge had received her, from which, according to her cuſtom, ſhe was angling, her bright eye fixed upon the paſſing ſtream; while, her thoughts being employed in contemplation, ſhe had ſuffered the boat to drive between two ſtakes, placed as water-marks, with ſuch violence, that it overſet immediately, and plunged her into the water, where ſhe muſt inevitably have periſhed, but that her guardian angel ſent Horatio to her aid; who at that inſtant iſſuing from a deep wood, beheld the accident, and flew on the wings of love to relieve her. Plunging into the ſtream, he brought the miſtreſs of his affections ſafe to land, dropping with wet; her bright eyes cloſed in a ſwoon, her lovely treſſes drenching in the waves, and her whole frame diſordered

by the rude ſhock. He uſed every poſſible means to recover her. He claſped her cloſely to his panting breaſt, preſt her cold lips to his, and by his ardent ſighs inſpired freſh warmth into the almoſt expiring maid. Raiſing at laſt her eye-lids, with pleaſure ſhe beheld in the perſon of her deliverer, her dear Horatio: 'Oh! 'Heavens, ſhe cried, is it to you, Mr. 'Saville, I owe my life? — Generous 'youth!'—'Look up, my fair one (ſaid 'her lover) yes, it is thy own Ho-, ratio, happy to ſave thy life, though 'at the expence of his own; that were 'but a cheap purchaſe to his love. Ah! 'could his fond paſſion obtain the leaſt '. return, the leaſt dear regard from Lou-'iſa'—'Can any thing (ſaid the reviving 'fair) that honour aſks, be denied him to 'whom I owe myſelf: You, Mr. Saville, 'have ever poſſeſſed my regard; my heart 'was ever yours, but now much more

ſo,

'ſo, warmed as it is with gratitude. Ah! 'what have I ſaid'—'Go on, ſaid the 'enraptured Horatio, go on to charm me 'with the muſic of thy tongue; let me 'hear that I have a place in the eſteem of 'my Louiſa.' All this time they both ſeemed ſo abſorbed in the earneſtneſs of diſcourſe, that our adventurers ſeemed to have forgot what had paſſed, and the lady, mindleſs of her condition, was wrapt in attention to the words of Horatio, when they ſaw young Branſley walking towards them, whoſe appearance accelerated their advances to the houſe, where Miſs was immediately put to bed. Though ſhe had received no other damage than the fright, it was a conſiderable time before ſhe recovered from the diſorder it occaſioned in her tender frame. Meanwhile, Acaſto made the moſt tender acknowledgments to his ward for the preſervation of his daughter's life.

From this time all reſerve was thrown off between the lovers when in private together; and that they might the more often be ſo, Horatio had contrived to meet his Louiſa at a little cottage in Acaſto's eſtate, which the generoſity of that gentleman had beſtowed on a decayed farmer, where he lived rent-free. Now as this man had procured himſelf ſome employment in the neighbouring market town, he was ſeldom at home, and his daughter, a pretty girl of about 16, was made the confidante of this amour. If either the lover or his miſtreſs, repaired to the place of rendezvous, and found not the other, they uſed to leave behind them little billet-doux; and thus, inſenſibly, became kind of each others correſpondence. But this had not laſted long, before the farmer's daughter, whoſe name was Stokes, proved with child, and being cloſely taxed by her father, fixed upon Horatio as the cauſe of what ſhe termed her ruin: The probability

lity of circumſtances was on her ſide; he had often been obſerved to enter there, and ſometimes remain a conſiderable time with her alone; and no one had ever ſeen any other perſon, except ſuch as her father introduced and brought with him, to this tirement.

The old man, as ſoon as he had obtained what he deemed a ſatisfactory information on this head, went in ſearch of our hero, on whom he could not forbear venting ſome ſharp reproaches, for ſeducing his child, and concluded with telling him of her condition. Aſtoniſhed at ſuch an addreſs, Horatio, with great warmth, defended his innocence; and Stokes finding he was likely to obtain little ſatisfaction from that quarter, went to his Lord and Benefactor, and with tears in his eyes told him the whole matter. Though *Acaſto* had too much humanity not to be moved at the recital, yet he had alſo too

good an opinion of his ward, to condemn him without proof ſufficient; having therefore diſmiſſed his tenant with an aſſurance that he would ſee all the juſtice done him that the nature of the caſe would admit of, he ſent for Horatio into his cloſet, and thus addreſſed him.

'You know, Horatio, your dying fa-
'ther conſigned you to my charge, with
'a view not only that I ſhould bring you
'up in all the forms of education, but
'alſo that I ſhould, by inforcing thoſe leſ-
'ſons you received, ſtill conduct you in
'the paths of virtue. This has been my
'conſtant endeavour, and I believe you
'have had no occaſion to complain of
'my treatment.—I ſeek not a compliment,
'reply not, but attend to what I am
'about to ſay.—I have this day heard you
'accuſed of an action I thought you inca-
'pable of, that of ſeducing innocence.
'Poor Stokes complains you have de-
'bauched

'bauched his daughter;—with tears in 'his eyes he told me of it, and added 'that ſhe was with child by you. I would 'not condemn you unheard, and have 'therefore ſent for you to know what you 'have to offer in your defence: For cir-'cumſtances are greatly againſt you; and 'believe me, child, however light you may 'eſteem ſuch faults, you will ſtand charged 'at a higher tribunal than mine with a 'heavy account.—For what evils, conſe-'quent to this ſtain caſt upon poor Sally, 'may you not be acceſſary to. Her fa-'ther, as you know, is poor; he earns 'his bread by the ſweat of his brow, and 'has it not in his power to make up (as a 'more wealthy perſon might in ſome 'meaſure do) the defect of his daughter's 'virtue, by an addition to her fortune—'ſhould he die, her whole ſupport is now 'loſt;—ſhame, infamy, want, and miſery, 'muſt attend her: And all this it is your

'duty to prevent; there are but two 'ways, either to marry her yourſelf, or 'provide her ſuch a portion as will match 'her with an other. The latter is not in 'your *power*; the former ought therefore 'to be in your *will*. But let us more 'cloſely examine the affair.'

Here Acaſto proceeded to a trial of the cauſe, and having firſt apprized his ward of the affair, called in all the witneſſes, which were, old Stokes, his daughter, a labouring man, aſſiſtant to the gardener, and young Branſley. The father built all his proofs on the girl's own declaration, which ſhe repeated, and avowed herſelf ready to ſwear before a Magiſtrate. The labourer's evidence conſiſted in his declaration, that he had often ſeen Mr. Saville go into that houſe alone, late at night, and return in the morning, which was indeed a perplexing circumſtance to Horatio himſelf, who never had entered the houſe after

duſk: Laſt of all Mr. Branſley, after much heſitation, and a long apology, ſaid, he was ſorry to ſpeak any thing to the diſadvantage of his friend, but when adjured to declare the truth, he muſt own he had ſeen young Mr. Saville for a long time paſt, frequent in his viſits at that houſe, and had often wondered what his buſineſs could be there. 'I am ſorry, ſaid he, extremely ſorry, to wound, even by a ſuſpicion, the fame of ſo worthy a young gentleman; what I ſay is true:—But what then? it *might be* with no ill deſign; he *may* not be the guilty perſon, though we can poſſibly think of no other. Be it as it will (turning to our hero) I am ſure (continued he) you are too generous to be offended with me, for the regard I pay to truth. You are indeed my friend; but to uſe that noble expreſſion you have ſo often repeated, *magis amica veritas*—*Truth* is more ſo.'

Perhaps this diffident, and ſeemingly tender ſpeech, which had been ſtudied long before it was delivered, did our hero more harm than all the downright aſſertions of the reſt. However, he ſtrenuouſly defended himſelf; but when aſked the plain queſtion (ſince all agreed he had often entered that houſe, and himſelf only *in part* denied it) what his buſineſs was there, he was at a ſtand: His tenderneſs for the character of Louiſa; his ſhame of having carried on ſuch a clandeſtine correſpondence; and his fear that the ſervant who aſſiſted in it, ſhould loſe his place, determined him to remain ſilent, and rather bear the undeſerved aſperſion himſelf, than involve others in any perplexity.

It is eaſy to imagine he was declared guilty, and the accuſers were diſmiſſed, with a full aſſurance that they ſhould be recompenced. When they were gone, the good guardian examined Horatio, and endeavoured,

endeavoured, in the moſt ſoothing manner, to draw from him that ſecret he ſeemed ſo fixed on retaining. He once more repreſented to him, in the moſt lively colours, the guilt of betraying, and then abandoning, an indigent female, whoſe ſole dependance was on her virtue; he called to the mind of his ward all thoſe excellent maxims of religion and morality, ſo often inculcated by his father, by whoſe memory he conjured him not to deceive him in ſo material a point, and add the guilt of falſhood to his crime.

Horatio, moved by theſe expoſtulations, replied, with the moſt ſolemn proteſtations, that he was innocent; he owned indeed he had frequented that houſe, not at ſuch hours as had been alledged, though he frequently walked very late in the adjacent meadows; but he begged his guardian to excuſe his diſcloſing the occaſion of theſe viſits, which he aſſured him

a point

a point of honour occaſioned him to conceal.

Acaſto, who had ever entertained a tenderneſs for the youth, acquieſced in this his requeſt: 'But' (added he) 'though I 'ſhould think you innocent, the world, 'the ſtory thus circumſtanced, will not; 'and believe me, child, reputation loſt is 'ſeldom regained. It becomes you, there-'fore, either to clear yourſelf in the face 'of your accuſers, before the delivery 'of Sally, or elſe make her ſuch a preſent 'as may at leaſt be neceſſary to carry her 'ſuitably through an affair which every 'one will ſet you down for the cauſe of. 'As for the child, it may perhaps lie in 'my power to provide for that, whoever 'it belongs to;—though I ſhould indeed 'be loth by ſuch an act of humanity, to 'encourage vice and diſſolute manners.' There was a much longer converſation on this ſubject, in which Acaſto at once diſ-

played

played the ſoundneſs of his judgment, and the goodneſs of his heart; but as the beſt leſſons of morality, ſpun out to a great length, muſt become dull, we will forbear to ſet it down, leſt it tire the reader, whoſe attention will be employed in the next chapter on affairs of another nature.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

SALLY dies—BRANSLEY's Reflexions on the Matter—A Dream—A fatal Cataſtrophe prevented by the Interpoſition of HORATIO.

WHEN the ſtory we have recited above, reached the ears of Lady Marſham and Miſs Louiſa, the former interpreted it greatly to the prejudice of our hero, but the latter, being partly acquainted with the ſource whence it proceeded, was rather induced to admire his generoſity than to ſuſpect his conſtancy. She gave him to underſtand, however, that ſhe thought it highly proper to ſuſpend their meetings. Meanwhile Horatio uſed his utmoſt endeavours to trace the grounds of this ſtory, but in vain. He would even have gone to the girl, and expoſtulated the matter with her alone, but that he feared ſuch a ſtep would give freſh occaſion

occaſion for ſuſpicion: his greateſt comfort was that his miſtreſs believed him innocent; though he was well aware that even *ſhe* could not be *certain* that he was ſo; ſince, though ſhe well knew the firſt riſe of his acquaintance with Sally, yet ſhe could by no means be ſuppoſed to tell all that had paſſed during the courſe of their interviews. Thus much was certain, that Sally was with child, and if Horatio were not the father of it, none but Heaven and herſelf could point him out.

In the mean time he was far from being in a happy ſituation; as he found himſelf daily loſing ground in the opinion of his friends, and particularly in Acaſto's, who began to treat him much more coolly than he was accuſtomed to.

Thus circumſtanced, as our adventurer was ſitting one day in a room full of company, young Branſley came in, and with a for-

a ſorrowful countenance declared that Sally Stokes had received a fall, by which ſhe was ſo terribly bruiſed that there remained no hopes of her recovery. 'And this 'accident,' ſaid he, 'was occaſioned by 'her falling into one of thoſe fits which 'ſhe has been ſubject to ever ſince her 'misfortune.'

He had ſcarcely ended his ſpeech, when a ſervant entered, ſaying, that a man was below, who come from Sally Stokes, and that ſhe deſired immediately to ſee Horatio. That young gentleman made what haſte he could thither, hoping thereby to clear up this intricate affair; and Branſley, under pretence of friendſhip, would inſiſt on accompanying him. He ſeemed now rather leſs in the intereſt of Sally than before, and ſeemed to ſpeak but ſlightly of her, ſaying, 'ſhe was ever a forward girl;' but when they arrived

and

and found ſhe was already departed, and had not been able to utter a word ſince what ſhe ſaid to the meſſenger, which ſhe with great difficulty pronounced, Branſley once more changed his tone, and affected to mourn her untimely fate, which had thus deſtroyed two lives, and to throw out many invectives againſt that man who was the cruel occaſion of it, but whom he *could not think* to be his friend.

Our adventurer, though injured by the deceaſed, could not help ſhedding over her the tears of humanity. As he ſtood with his eyes fixed on the body, her father, who till then had been abſent, entered with ſeveral country people, her relations, whoſe violent grief was converted into ſuch rage at the ſight of Horatio, that his *prudent* friend whiſpered him it was proper to retire. They did ſo, and returned to Acaſto, to whom they recounted

counted the ſtory, and who, in conſequence of it, read a very ſolemn lecture to his wards, in the courſe of which it was eaſy enough to perceive who was aimed at.

The country people, ever ſuſpicious, as ſoon as ever poor Sally's bones were quietly interred in the ground, took it into their heads that her ſpirit began to walk: to ſome ſhe appeared in a flame of fire, to others in a winding ſheet; ſome fancied they heard her in every wind that fanned the trees at night, and others imagined they tumbled over her coffin at every ſtep they took: this opinion prevailed ſo far, that at laſt no one would venture near her habitation in an evening, nor within a furlong of the church yard where her remains were depoſited; and it was common in every one's mouth, that the ſpirit of Sally Stokes was perpetually walking, and threatening vengeance on her murderer.

Theſe

Theſe miſadventures ſerved as foils to ſet off the good qualifications of Mr. Bransley, who was extolled to the clouds by every body, and gained in proportion as young *Saville* loſt the confidence of their good guardian. But as for Louiſa, ſhe reaſonably ſuppoſed herſelf to be acquainted with the heart of her lover; ſhe had reaſon to think one charge againſt him falſe, and ſhe determined to ſuppoſe all others ſo, till ſhe ſhould have full and convincing proofs of their truth.

But at this time happened an affair, the reſult of which promiſed once more to reinſtate Horatio in the full favour of his guardian. Acaſto, who had tenderly loved his deceaſed conſort, made a cuſtom of going once every year, on the anniverſary of their wedding, to ſpend three days in a little kind of hermitage, on the edge of a neighbouring foreſt, a retirement his lady

was

was in her life-time much enamoured with. To avoid unneceſſary parade, he generally took thither only one ſervant, and ſome friend with whom he might converſe, when the hours ſet apart for the commemoration of the dead were paſſed. Bransley was the perſon he generally pitched on for that purpoſe; but now the young Horatio, ſo newly forgiven his ſuppoſed fault, preſſed very much for that honour. When Acaſto endeavoured to excuſe himſelf, he grew extreamly uneaſy, (as if by a preſentiment of what was to happen) and as the period approached, his reſt forſook him. On the night preceding the day fixed for his guardian's departure, he was much diſcompoſed, and diſturbed by terrible dreams, one of which preſented to him the form of the hermitage, tottering on the edge of a high rock, expoſed to a howling tempeſt, which preſently overturned it; and Acaſto appeared ſtanding on the brink

brink of the precipice, towards which a rolling ſtone perpetually propelled him, when the deceaſed Mrs. Saville ſuddenly deſcending on a cloud, caught Horatio up in her arms and conveyed him to the ſtone, which ſhe made a motion for him to ſtrike; he did ſo, and it fell into the ſea, but bore him forcibly along with it; then diſappearing, left him almoſt overcome by the waves. A beautiful galley then appeared with ſilken ſtreamers waving in the wind; in it ſeveral youths tuning inſtruments to ſoft muſic:—theſe ſteered through the ſubſiding waves to a delightful ſhore, at which they no ſooner ſeemed to arrive, than the proſpect changed to that of rocks far more terrible than thoſe they had left; againſt one of them the veſſel ſuddenly ſtriking, went to pieces; when Horatio, caſting his eyes around, beheld that very ſtone the cauſe of his misfortune,

tune, on which ſtood Branſley in a menacing attitude, till a flaſh of lightning precipitated him into the deep, and in his ſtead appeared Acaſto, who carefully conducted his ward over the ſhelves and ſands back to the Hermitage, which was rebuilt, but ſomewhat in the manner of a temple, on whoſe top ſtood a female figure of Virtue (that wore the ſemblance of miſs Louiſa) attended by the Graces.

The particularity of this viſion made our hero ſtill more preſſing in his deſire to accompany his guardian, to whom he revealed it: that gentleman indulged his deſire, though without diſappointing Branſley. However, he gently rebuked him for a weakneſs, of which he never before had exhibited any ſigns, and took occaſion to tell him that theſe dreams were the effect of a troubled mind, obliquely hinting

at his errors. 'Believe me, child, ſaid he, 'Peace and Virtue dwell together; ſet but 'a juſt price on the latter, and the former 'never will deſert you.'

That day, Acaſto, Horatio, Branſley, and a man ſervant, ſet forward for the Hermitage, as it was called. It was a ſmall ruſtic building, whoſe height was raiſed but one ſingle ſtory above the ground floor. The outſide was covered with roughcaſt plaiſter, and wild ivy in many places obſcured the windows. The inſide furniture extremely plain, conſiſted of bare neceſſaries. Acaſto's apartment was hung with black, and contained no more than a bed, a table, two chairs, a lamp, and a cloſet filled with books of philoſophy and devotion. The ground above this building was laid out in cloſe walks, ornamented with fountains and grottos, and terminated by a deep wood. In ſhort, the whole ſeemed calculated to indulge a gloomy melancholy.

Two

Two of the days allotted for mourning had paſſed in this receſs, when in the midſt of the ſecond night a ſervant awaked Branſley with the alarm of thieves; 'Where 'are they exclaimed he? "This moment 'entering the houſe,' ſaid the affrighted ſervant; 'ridiculous! cried Branſley, ſeem-'ing to recover himſelf, I will not believe 'it—you are not well awake.' But the other inſiſting on his aſſertion, and deſiring admiſſion, and that Branſley would give him a piſtol, 'Go firſt, ſaid he, and call up 'Mr. Saville, then I will join you; but 'till then I ſtand on my own defence;' and ſo ſaying, he ſtruck a light, and having taken to his arms, planted himſelf full againſt the door, which he ſtrongly barricaded. The footman next proceeded to Horatio's chamber, who, alarmed with an uncommon noiſe, was already riſing, and being informed of the matter, ruſhed immediately to the room of his guardian, who was firſt in his thoughts, with his

his ſword drawn in his hand, bidding the ſervant follow with the light that burned conſtantly by him. On their entrance they found a man armed with a carbine, making his way through the uplifted ſaſh, cloſe to the bedſide of Acaſto, when, juſt as he was preparing to diſcharge it, our hero pierced his throat with his ſword, and he fell backwards from the window. The noiſe of his piece, which went off without doing any damage, except that of cauſing the footman in his fright to drop the candle, awaked Acaſto, who till then had ſlept:—the moment he underſtood his obligation, he thought no words ſufficient to expreſs his gratitude: 'Preſerver of my life,' ſaid he, reſtraining him from purſuing the robber, and was preceding, when that inſtant, a piſtol was fired from behind at Horatio, who exclaimed villain! and—turning nimbly, was about to make a paſs at the perſon,

when he beheld Branſley, who cried, Heavens! is it you? I hope I have not hurt my friend! Aſtoniſhment poſſeſſed Horatio and the good Acaſto, but Branſley eaſily excuſed himſelf, ſaying, he had miſtaken Mr. Saville in his confuſion for one of the robbers; though the truth was, that this *prudent* gentleman ſtirred not from his chamber, which adjoined to that of his guardian, till the robber's cataſtrophe was known, and had probably an intention of the blackeſt dye, which the darkneſs might have ſerved to veil. To return, the houſe being now alarmed, all went in purſuit of the aſſaſſin, but in vain; they found indeed a great quantity of blood, which they traced to the garden wall, over which it was ſuppoſed the thieves conveyed their wounded companion. Horatio received great praiſes from all for his courage, and none was more warm in extolling him than his mortal enemy Branſley.

Some

Some time after this accident, arrived two viſitors, whom Acaſto had long expected, an officer of the name of Belmont, and a youth his couſin, whom we ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Wander. The former of theſe was a gentleman of great good ſenſe and deep penetration, fine accompliſhments, and an affable and winning deportment. The latter one of thoſe unaccountables, (which, as a very ingenious gentleman ſomewhere obſerves) might not improperly be termed a *luſus naturæ*. He was really of a good diſpoſition, and had rooted in his minds the ſeeds of every virtue, yet ſo ill allied to prudence, that frequently neceſſity obliged him to aſſume the appearance of every vice by turns. He poſſeſſed likewiſe no ſmall ſhare of learning, and what is generally eſteemed good ſenſe; yet, took ſuch extraordinary methods in the diſplay of theſe qualities, and ſo little attended to the manners of the world he

lived in (which, to ſay truth, he often rather affected to deſpiſe, than was really ignorant of) that it often brought him into the moſt ridiculous ſituations: he had, however, ſuch a fund of good nature, that when he had happily extricated himſelf from theſe difficulties, he could heartily laugh at the conſequences of his own imprudence, and aſſume the man of ſenſe and virtue. His couſin often gave him lectures on behaviour in life, to which, though he ſeemed to liſten with the moſt fixed attention, and often even added to them ſupplemental obſervations of his own; he would yet the very next moment fall into all the abſurdities he had ſo ſtrenuouſly joined in ſatyriſing.

The reader may, perhaps, ſuppoſe that a youth of ſuch a turn, could by no means render himſelf an agreeable companion to Acaſto; but if he does, his imaginations are *vain*; for Wander was ſo far from being

ing an object of his contempt, that he was really poſſeſſed of his friendſhip, which ſo prejudiced this gentleman in his behalf, that he could never hear him ridiculed without replying even with acrimony to thoſe who ſpoke againſt him; and indeed this youth in a company ſo ſelected, as were thoſe met at this rural retirement, was far from being the worſt of companions. He poſſeſſed ſome ſhare of wit, whoſe ſallies were never *ill-natured*, often *agreeable:* on ſubjects of learning he was well qualified to diſcourſe with the *grave*; and an amorous conſtitution, together with a genteel deportment, rendered him not diſagreeable to the *fair* and *gay*.

The only *apparent* reaſon for the viſit theſe two gentlemen paid to the neighbourhood of R———, was the preſſing invitation of Acaſto; but as a certain author hath judiciouſly noticed, there is a

difference between a *good* reaſon and a *true* one; the *former* therefore we have thought ſufficient to give here, which, as it often ſatisfies the world, muſt now ſatisfy our readers, and the *latter* we reſerve till a more proper opportunity.

Reader, if thou art offended with us every time thou art thus diſappointed, thou wilt certainly give thyſelf much unneceſſary uneaſineſs; but we ſhall jog on in the old road.—We deſire thee likewiſe to conſider that as in the courſe of life, of which this our hiſtory is the ſhade, reſemblance, model, or picture (which ever word liketh thee beſt) thou mayeſt probably meet with many diſappointments; ſo, philoſophically ſpeaking, it were not, perhaps, amiſs to accuſtom thyſelf to them: and with us this maxim ever holdeth good, that he who, impatient of a ſmall digreſſion or baulk in a ſtory like this, flingeth away the book with an emphatical piſh! pſhaw!

or-

or other perhaps leſs innocent interjections of diſlike; ſuch a one is not, cannot be fit to bear the various troubles and diſappointments of this world.—It may be, gentle reader, that thou mayeſt object that we have exchanged offices with the preacher, with many ſuch grave obſervations; all centering in this, that it is not the *buſineſs* of novels to pretend to teach men philoſophy or morality. That it is not their *practice* muſt be owned; yet ſome few there are even among them, who adapt this method of pleaſing while they inſtruct. Canſt thou not for once gratify in us that vanity which is inherent in all men, by reckoning our hiſtory amongſt that number.—Beſides, haſt thou never heard ſome pious old woman, who hath at the perſuaſion of the ſon of her boſom, or innocent country wench, at the more powerful deſire of her ſweetheart, with difficulty, perhaps real, perhaps affected,

been prevailed on to peruſe the excellent hiſtory of *Clariſſa Harlowe*, or more excellent life of the virtuous *Pamela Andrews*; haſt thou never heard them exclaim, (for if thou haſt not thou haſt indeed heard very little;) 'that as how it was as fine as a 'ſarmont, and was full of as *good things* as 'ever the parſon of the pariſh told them 'about?' Why then are we not (though far inferior in ſtile and merit, yet permitted the ſame liberty of ſaying all the *good* things we are able, a motive which perhaps may be the only *good reaſon* we ſhall chuſe to aſſign for this publication, leaving our readers to gueſs at the *true one*, which ingenious obſervation returns us, after all theſe intricate windings, to the place where we broke off. But it being too late, as we are ſo far advanced, to reſume the thread of the hiſtory in this chapter, we ſhall therefore proceed no farther in it till the next.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

THERE is nothing more generally falſe than the principle which ſome men adopt, viz. that people of like diſpoſition ſhould always conſort together: on the contrary, the chief of ſociety is maintained by the kindly mixture of people of different ages, ſexes, and diſpoſitions. True it is, that theſe muſt not, to produce ſuch an agreement, be indiſcriminately thrown together, like people in a ſtage coach or paſſage boat, but carefully choſen as the notes of muſic, which though each differing from another, are ſo mixed by the judicious artiſt, as to form a delightful harmony. Variety is the life of creation, and that power who ſaw the imperfection and inſufficiency of every being but himſelf, to find in itſelf its own felicity, has wiſely and indulgently

'On mutual wants built mutual happi-
'neſs.'

And this is no leſs true with regard to the *temper* of men, than it is with reſpect to their *conditions*; for were it poſſible for nature to form any two exactly alike, they would be ſo far from agreeing together, that it would require no leſs than a miracle in the preſent ſtate of the world to prevent their deſtroying each other.

The reaſons are no doubt obvious to the judicious reader, whoſe ſagacity we ſhall leave to determine their weight, while we proceed to inform him that the little company at Acaſto's ſeemed ſelected according to thoſe very rules we have juſt now been at ſo much pains to expatiate on. Male and female accompliſhments, age and youth, gravity and gaiety, learning and ſim-

ſimplicity, were there met together, and the whole was compleated by an unexpected viſit from miſs Leonora Sydenham.

As we have already given the reader a ſketch of the character of the younger ſiſter, we ſhall now oblige him with that of the elder.

Miſs Leonora was a fine tall, genteel young lady, of a ſoft and gentle, but rather ſerious deportment: her features were expreſſive, and her blue eyes diffuſed a mild luſtre over her fair face, which, however, would not have been injured, if the lilly had given more place to the roſe in her complexion. She was virtuous, chaſte, benevolent; and though far from being of a forbidding aſpect, poſſeſſed ſuch an air of dignity and conſcious worth, as might ſtrike awe even into the libertine: her ſentiments were refined and noble, and ſhe

was

was by no means unacquainted with the ſublimer ſtudies which are ſo ſeldom attended to, and yet more ſeldom rightly uſed and comprehended by her ſex.

An eye not very diſcerning might well perceive that all the aſſiduities of Belmont were beſtowed on this lady, and all thoſe of his couſin on her younger ſiſter; tho' neither the one nor the other ſeemed to meet entirely with the deſired return; for the gay Iſabella had long ſince fixed her eyes on Branſley; and for Leonora, tho' ſhe behaved in the moſt affable and engaging manner to all the company, yet ſhe was remarkably cautious not to be particular with any of them.

As for lady Marſham, all her compliments were directed to young Branſley, who did not fail with intereſt to return them; and that lady appeared as if ſhe wanted but one thing to compleat the

pleaſure

pleaſure ſhe received in this good company, namely, the abſence of her niece. Horatio and Louiſa diſcourſed little with each other by any other language than that of the eyes, which both ſeemed by this time to be great proficients in, ſo ready is Love to inſtruct his votaries. However, at a ball, which Acaſto gave that night, Horatio had the pleaſure of dancing with his fair one, and Belmont obtained the ſame favour of his Leonora, whom he afterwards eſcorted home, while the younger ſiſter intruſted herſelf to the charge of young Wander, who did not fail to take the opportunity of whiſpering many ſoft things to her, which though ſhe did not ſeem diſpoſed to hearken to, and really conſidered herſelf as already engaged to Branſley; yet as they ſerved to flatter her vanity, were not diſagreeable to one of her turn of mind.

Belmont and his couſin were for a whole month every day at Acaſto's, though they could not be prevailed on to take up their lodging in his houſe, but had accommodated themſelves in the neighbouring town. During their ſtay here both of them made a very intimate acquaintance with our hero, but eſpecially *Belmont*, who was really deſirous of being enrolled amongſt the number of his friends.

The reader may, perhaps, by this time, gueſs the *true reaſon* why theſe gentlemen were pleaſed to accept the invitation of Acaſto, and quit awhile the delights of the town for the retirement of B—ſhire; he is hardly, to be ſure, ſo dull of apprehenſion, as not to ſee that the attractive charms of the two miſs Sydenham's had the greateſt ſhare in drawing them thither.

They had ſeen theſe ladies, danced with them at a ball in town, and were each ſo ſtruck

ſtruck with his fair one, that they took great pains to enquire into their name and quality, place of reſidence, &c. into all which affairs the celebrated Mrs. M—, the miſtreſs of the aſſembly, gave them ſufficient lights, and the next day went to wait on their partners, whom they had eſcorted home; when to their great ſurprize, they were informed thoſe ladies had ſet out for the country ſome hours before.

Viſiting, on pretence of buſineſs, the parts where they reſided, they had in vain attempted to get admiſſion to their miſtreſſes at the father's houſe, and returned much diſappointed. Having preſently after received from *Acaſto* a repetition of an old invitation they before had ſlighted and put off, now, being informed that the miſs Sydenhams viſited there, they accepted it, as we have ſeen with pleaſure, and it ſeemed favourable to their hopes.

Mr.

Mr. Sydenham had permitted the addreſſes of Mr. Belmont to his elder daughter, but was totally ignorant of Wander's paſſion for the younger, who finding her at preſent rather averſe to his flame, choſe not to aſk her parents conſent till he was ſecure of her own; nevertheleſs he continued his viſits there, but always accompanied by his couſin.

While theſe things were paſſing, Bransley could not forbear doing Horatio many little ill offices, and perpetually, by his emiſſaries (for ſuch he had in the family) filling the ears of their guardian with ſtories to his diſadvantage; concerning all which, however, when queſtioned *himſelf*, he anſwered with the greateſt reluctance and ſeeming benevolence towards the accuſed, well knowing it was the ſureſt way to recommend himſelf to one of Acaſto's humane temper, and ſink his rival in his eſteem. But

But whatever candour he affected, he could not ſo far conceal theſe practices, but that they were made known to Horatio. James, the ſervant, whom we mentioned in a former chapter, who attended his perſon, often taſted his bounty, and was devoted to his ſervice, acquainted him with many circumſtances of that nature, and adviſed him to be on his guard.

This James was an honeſt, good-natured perſon, not devoid of underſtanding, and poſſeſſed a grateful heart. He was untainted with lying, tale-bearing, and that ſaucy affectation ſo odious in people of his claſs; he had lived ſome years with his old maſter, who promoted him from a footman to a ſervant out of livery; and at the particular deſire of Mr. Saville diſpoſed him to wait on that young gentleman; ſo that though Acaſto paid him his wages, he was always termed Horatio's man. He was never

never on good terms with the ſervant that waited on Branſley; and the latter happening one day to ſay ſome reproachful things of Mr. Saville, this fellow rebuked him for it: high words enſued, which happening to paſs while Branſley was within hearing, he took the liberty not only to reprimand James, but even to give him ſome blows. Horatio coming by in the inſtant, interpoſed, and aſked what could occaſion ſuch a liberty to be taken with his ſervant; Branſley, though cloſe and cautious in all his actions, yet, when detected, beyond the power of a lie to exculpate him, was ready to ſupport one injury or affront with another; he therefore only anſwered by ſome bitter ſarcaſms, which greatly ruffled Horatio's temper. Among the reſt he obſerved things were come to a fine paſs, when the ſervants of ſtrangers, who came from no one knows where, could dare to inſult the near relations of

him

him whoſe hoſpitality entertained them. 'I ſcorn (ſaid our adventurer) to re-'tort your ungenerous ſneer, elſe it were 'eaſy for me to remind yourſelf of the 'rank you bear, and how little right 'you have to aſſume any command 'in the houſe of your too generous rela-'tion: but I am as equally above ſo mean 'a conteſt, as I am above blackening the 'character of an abſent friend, and meanly 'taking that opportunity of advancing 'what I dare not ſay to his face.' And 'what villain (ſaid Branſley) dares to accuſe 'me of ſuch a practice; me, whoſe tender-'neſs of your character has been even more 'than it deſerved.—Provoke me not by 'ſuch . . . . 'Keep your temper, Bran-'ſley, (returned our hero) I am not to be 'frightened—Look'e, ſir, your tender-'neſs for my character is known; but 'regard your own, and let me have no 'more of your cares, dark, inſidious be-'trayer.'

'trayer.' 'Thank heaven, ſaid Branſley, 'my reputation has never been ſtained 'like that of ſome whom I could name.— 'I cannot charge myſelf with being ac- 'ceſſary to the death of any one.' This hint cauſed the dialogue to grow more warm on both ſides, and it was dubious where it would have ended, as the young gentlemen had ordered their ſervants to leave them, and ſeemed preparing to go out together: but Acaſto having heard what was paſſing, rang his bell, and ſent a meſſage, ſummoning them both to his preſence.—He inſiſted on knowing the cauſe of their quarrel, which our hero, who ſpoke firſt, related exactly as it had happened; but when it came to *Branſley*'s turn to ſpeak, he gave the affair an entire new face. He ſaid, that endeavouring to compromiſe a diſpute between Horatio's ſervant and his own, the former inſulted, and he really believed would have ſtruck him, which

which was the occaſion of his chaſtiſing him;—but when he came to mention what paſſed between him and Horatio, he begged to be excuſed ſeveral times, until ſo much the more eagerly preſſed by Acaſto; he related with ſeeming unwillingneſs that this young gentleman had took his ſervant's part, groſsly inſulted him, and even thrown out ſome ſpiteful ſarcaſms, intimating that he was kept on charity; 'this, 'ſaid he, which I never thought to hear 'from Horatio, I muſt own provoked me 'to be very warm; for theſe things are 'difficult to bear; and I am ſure, 'ſir, *you* would not treat me ſo.' Here he diſſembled ſo well, that the tears ſeemed to ſtand in his eyes, while thoſe of Acaſto glowed with anger. He ſeverely rebuked the innocent Horatio, ſaying, he had heard many complaints of him, and aſſured him in a very firm tone of voice, that if any more ſuch came to his ears, he would

would leave him to be his own guardian; 'for (ſaid he) I have endeavoured hitherto 'to diſcharge my duty with a juſt and 'equal hand; but if you continue your 'ill courſes, and breed diſſentions in 'my family, I muſt aſſure you I ſhall 'think myſelf acquitted of the charge, 'and lay it down with the ſame eaſe as I 'aſſumed it.' *Horatio* would have replied to what his adverſary had urged; but Acaſto declared he would at that time hear no more altercations, and making the two gentlemen ſhake hands, which *Branſley* affected to do with the utmoſt cordiality, he ſaid, he forgave *Horatio* what was paſſed, and if he would but keep the path of virtue, he would ſtill be a greater help to him than three times that truſt lodged in his hands would amount to.

By this time Horatio and his miſtreſs had renewed their meetings, and had frequent

quent conferences, in one of which, while our hero was declaring the ardency of his paſſion, the lady thus addreſſed him. 'Mr. Saville, it is not now a time for me 'to affect indifference, ſince you are but 'too ſenſible how far you have gained upon 'my heart. But give me leave to remind 'you that heart is not my own to diſpoſe 'of; you know my ſituation, you know 'my reſolution is to do nothing which 'may diſoblige the beſt of parents; 'what then do you intend, ſir, or what 'end can this clandeſtine correſpondence 'anſwer, which you know my heart has 'never approved? what but to fix in our 'breaſts a hopeleſs flame? This very morn-'ing my father told me he had an advan-'tageous match in view for me; and'—— 'it is too much (anſwered Horatio); is 'this your faith! ah, cruel fair one! yet I 'will not reproach you; go where your '*duty*, and perhaps your *inclination* leads; 'go,

'go, but remember not me, dare not to 'think on him who loves you; yet were 'your breaſt ſuſceptible of thoſe ſoft emo-'tions.—oh! no! 'tis plain you never felt 'them, at leaſt for me.'—'Forheaven's 'ſake, Mr. *Saville*, (replied Louiſa, greatly 'embarraſſed) how have I deſerved this 'uſage; is it becauſe I have ever entertained 'the higheſt eſteem for you, and never 'would liſten to any accuſations, however 'ſtrong againſt you? Is it that for your 'ſake I have daily hazarded the anger of 'a parent who loves me.—Is it that to 'you I have devoted my heart; and are 'ſuch the returns I muſt expect; of what 'am I guilty, wherein am I inconſtant?' 'Did you not juſt now talk madam of 'matching yourſelf elſewhere?'—'Why 'will you thus (cried *Louiſa*) anticipate 'my words, then make comments on 'the meaning you yourſelf have given 'them. I would have told you, if you had 'the patience to hear me, that my *father*

'intended

'intended to match me to ſome one, I 'know not who; and I would at the ſame 'time have expreſſed my own diſlike of 'ſuch an intention, and my reſolution to 'avoid its being effected; but perhaps my 'eaſy heart too ſoon has yielded; and 'weary of the joy, you would throw it 'from you;—if ſo, there needed not this 'artifice to hide the deſign.' 'Now 'heaven is my witneſs, replied the lover, 'that not all the ſun beholds in his wide 'journey round the ſpacious earth, no tie 'of love or friendſhip, no bleſſing heaven 'can here beſtow on me, is ſo dear to my 'heart as my lovely *Louiſa*.—Throw thee 'from me! rather throw from me life it-'ſelf, and mingle undiſtinguiſhed with 'the duſt I ſprung from.—Forgive my 'too haſty paſſion.—Quick, let us find 'ſome means to prevent the impending 'danger.—Let us fly this place.'—'Again, 'Sir, ſaid Louiſa (interrupting him)

'again are you hurrying yourſelf beyond
'your own reaſon, and the regard you
'profeſs to have for me; fly!—whither?
'to whom? Oh! Mr. *Saville*, do you ſo
'lightly eſteem my reputation, my hap-
'pineſs; and that vow which here I re-
'peat, never to join my hands in wed-
'lock without the conſent of my father?'
'—'Then am I doomed to languiſh out
'a life of miſery, ſaid the lover, never to
'poſſeſs her I adore; and what is ſtill
'more mortifying, what will drive me
'into madneſs and deſpair, to ſee ano-
'ther poſſeſs her.—Confuſion! Oh!
'my dear, my charming maid, com-
'paſſionate my ſufferings; can you ſee
'your lover, whoſe warm heart has ſo
'often beat as if it would burſt his breaſt
'to ſpring to yours; or when he hung
'upon the melting kiſs, ſprung to his ea-
'ger lips, while he pour'd forth his ſoul
'in tenderneſs: Can you behold him re-

'duced

'duced to the moſt deplorable ſtate of
'frenzy, in all the agitations of a furious
'and deſpairing paſſion, with his own
'hands tearing his breaſt, and throwing
'his breathleſs, pale and bloody corſe at
'your feet—Can you bear this, *Louiſa?*'
'—Oh! forbear the deſcription! (ſaid
'the half fainting maid) for never ſhall I
'live to ſee ſuch horror.'—'Yet muſt this
'be the caſe if ever you are joined with
'another; for by all ſacred things I ſwear'
'—Hold, my Horatio; a moment hold,
'and hear me.—Here, in ſight of hea-
'ven, I once again declare (pardon my
'weakneſs you illuſtrious patterns of our
'ſex) you have my virgin vows, you have
'my heart; and farther, I here proteſt no
'force ſhall ever drag me to another's
'arms; but the ſame day that ſees me
'before the altar, to pledge my vows to
'another, that day ſhall ſee me ſtretched
'upon my funeral bier. Hear, heaven!

'and give me ſtrength to bear all 'conflicts which may enſue.'—'Thou 'charming maid, ſaid Horatio, raiſing 'her from her knees, in which poſture 'ſhe had pronounced the laſt ſentence, 'and tenderly embracing her, may that 'heaven ſhield thee from misfortune, and 'graciouſly ſmile on our ſincere and 'blameleſs paſſion.' Overcome with the emotions of their hearts, they remained claſped in each others arms for ſome time, till Louiſa recollecting, gently diſengaged herſelf from her lover, who turning round, thought he ſaw a female peeping over a hedge at ſome diſtance; of which having appriſed Louiſa, ſhe was ſomewhat alarmed at it, and immediately propoſed they ſhould ſeparate, and return to the houſe by different ways, which was accordingly effected.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Louisa much diſordered.—Deſcription of Mariamne.—Baſe Behaviour of Lady Marsham.—Horatio quits his Guardian's Houſe.

OUR hero wandered for ſome time by moonlight, muſing on the converſation which had paſſed between himſelf and Louiſa, who reached the houſe an hour before him, and, as he heard on his arrival, was retired to her chamber in tears. As Horatio was haſtening to inform himſelf farther in this matter, he met that lady's waiting-woman and confidante, Mariamne, who being interrogated concerning her miſtreſs, thus replied: 'When my Lady 'returned from her evening walk, her two 'aunts, Miſs Lovian and the Lady Mar-'ſham, took upon them to reprimand her 'very roughly for ſome breaches of deco-'rum, of which the former pronounced 'her guilty, ſaying ſhe had occular demon-

'ſtration of the fact. They left her much 'diſturbed and in tears. The poor Lady 'was preſently after ſummoned to attend 'her father in his ſtudy, from whence ſhe 'retired in the utmoſt diſorder to her 'chamber.—Indeed, Mr. Saville, I fear 'your correſpondence is diſcovered, but I 'have not yet dared to diſturb Miſs —— 'with any queſtions; ſhe is now gone to 'bed greatly indiſpoſed. Your faithful 'James is turned away at a minute's warn-'ing, without any cauſe aſſigned, and all 'ſeems to be in confuſion. Yet it were 'better you took little notice of what I have 'ſaid, leſt you give a farther handle to 'your enemies. Pardon me, Sir, for thus 'intruding my advice upon you, which is 'the effect of that regard I bear you, I 'mean (bluſhing and ſtammering) of the 'duty I owe my lady.' The officious care of Mariamne, and the confuſion viſible in her features, might have betrayed ſome-what ſhe would gladly have concealed, to

one

one whoſe mind was leſs agitated than Horatio's. He was, however, ſo far from being diſobliged at her advice, that he ſincerely thanked her for it, and begging her to be careful of his dear Louiſa, and prove an advocate for him with her, he tenderly ſqueezed her hand, into which he attempted to convey a purſe, which ſhe, little expecting or deſiring ſuch a preſent, let fall on the ground; but perceiving his intention, ſhe picked it up, and preſenting it again to the owner, with a low courteſy; —'Sir, ſaid ſhe, I hope you will not be 'offended—I am extremely obliged to 'you for this mark of your kindneſs; but 'it is my lady's command that I accept 'no money from any one, leaſt of all from 'you. While ſhe entertains me as an 'attendant, ſhe is pleaſed to treat me as a 'friend; and while I ſerve her as a miſ-'treſs, I love and reſpect her as a relation. 'How baſe were it then to violate the con-'fidence repoſed in me, to diſobey ſuch a

'lady, and harbour low, mercenary views
'on a gentleman for whom ſhe entertains
'a tender affection, whoſe image is written
'on her heart, and for whom even now
'ſhe ſighs in affliction.'

'For me! unworthy as I am, ſaid Ho-
'ratio; and does ſhe ſigh for me! Speak
'that again! The lovely mourner;—all
'my whole life is too ſhort to repay one
'hour of tender trouble in the lovely
'mourner—ſigh ſaid you! and for my
'ſake:"—"Oh! Sir, (returned Mari-
'amne) I fear I am now betraying my
'Lady's ſecrets,—but I cannot go back;
'—Yes, Sir, I ſaid ſhe ſighed; and often
'when ſilent night reigns over the ſleepy
'world, will ſhe ſit up, and eccho your
'name to the murmuring winds, then write
'to you, read your notes a thouſand times,
'preſs them to her boſom, and devour
'them with kiſſes: Do you not ſmile at
'this, Mariamne? ſhe will ſometimes ſay:
'Alas! no, Madam, I ſympathize (ſaid I)

in

'in your grief—the object is worthy of 'ſuch regard; had I a thouſand.—Now, 'bleſſings innumerable on the muſic of 'thy voice!' cried Horatio, catching her in his arms, and beſtowing on her ſome eager kiſſes; which, though ſhe well knew they were given on Miſs C——'s account, ſhe yet preferred to all the gold on earth. And juſt at this inſtant came young Wander behind him, who, patting his ſhoulder, cried out, 'Mr. Saville! Mr. Saville! what 'a deuce are you at? Odſo, I hope no in-'terruption.—I came to invite you to the 'company in the parlour: There is my 'couſin, who ſets out to-morrow for 'London, waits to take his leave of you; 'but I ſee you are deeply engaged—a pretty 'wench, i'faith.'—Before he had well pronounced theſe laſt words, Louiſa's woman retired covered with bluſhes, and Horatio laying his finger on his mouth, in token of ſecrecy, followed Wander to the company.

where, for a time, we will leave him, in order to give the reader a better conception of ſome things lightly touched on above, and a more clear idea of the perſon with whom our adventurer was found ſo cloſely connected.

Mariamne was the daughter of a phyſician, who lived entirely by his practice, which was conſiderable; he had no other child but herſelf, and dying, left her, together with her fortune, to the care of an old rich couſin of his, without whoſe conſent, if ſhe married, ſhe was to forfeit the whole. Now ſome time after the father's death, Mariamne's guardian having taken her home to his houſe, was ſo ſmitten with her beauty, that he made love to her, though he was then on the wrong ſide of fifty.—She rejected his propoſal with ſpirit, and was in conſequence expoſed to his perſecutions, which he never ceaſed while ſhe remained

remained with him; and one evening ruſhing into her chamber, began to be ſo rude with her, that ſhe was obliged to call out for aſſiſtance. Her cries alarmed the neighbours, who came in to her relief, to the great ſhame and confuſion of the old gentleman: He retired, and locked himſelf up in his room; and one of the gentlemen who had come to her aid, propoſed to take her to live with his wife as a companion, to which ſhe conſented: She had not long reſided there before her couſin, who was ſuppoſed to be very rich, broke, diſappeared, and went off to Holland.—So ended her hopes of fortune; and on the death of her lady ſhe was recommended to the mother of Louiſa, who received her as a waiting woman, in which ſtation ſhe continued to ſerve the young lady faithfully, and had no reaſon to complain of her treatment from ſo gentle a miſtreſs.

Mariamne

Mariamne was of a middling ſtature, genteelly made, and of a ſweet aſpect. Her black hair and eyebrows ſet off the clear whiteneſs of her ſkin to advantage: Her features had in them a gentle ſoftneſs, [redacted], and her whole air was tender and engaging. As ſhe was formed of a ſoft mould, and ſuſceptible of every gentle emotion, it is no wonder ſhe was ſtruck with the graceful figure and amiable deportment of our hero, who had unhappily and unwittingly inſpired the paſſion of love into the breaſt of this innocent maiden: Yet wrapt up in his *Louiſa* he perceived it not; and notwithſtanding the embrace he beſtowed on her woman, which the emotions of nature occaſioned her to return in ſuch a manner as might have fired one of a leſs amorous conſtitution, he took not the leaſt notice of it at that time; though he could not help remarking

marking her returning the money, and was meditating how to make her ſome genteel preſent, which neither her own delicacy, nor her miſtreſs's commands might induce her to refuſe. For her own part, notwithſtanding the affection ſhe had conceived for our Mr. Saville, ſhe ſtill retained her ſentiments of gratitude and regard to Louiſa, whom ſhe was ſo far from conſidering in the hated light of a happy rival, that ſhe rather looked on her as a partner in misfortune, and paid her amiable miſtreſs all the reſpect due to a ſuperior, and was as faithful in the delivery of Horatio's letters as if her own happineſs had been immediately concerned in the correſpondence: A rare inſtance of female generoſity in affairs of love!

But to return to Mr. *Saville*. He found Belmont, as Wander had told him, juſt going to ſet off for London; that gentleman,

man, when he took leave of the company, was very particular in his expreſſions of friendſhip to Horatio, whom taking aſide, he adviſed to be very cautious in his conduct, and added that he had ſome enemies he little ſuſpected. 'Above all things, 'ſaid he, if you have any connexions of 'a near nature with miſs Louiſa, as it is 'whiſpered that you have, be particularly 'careful whom you truſt, or her reputa-'tion will be ſacrificed to calumny and 'malice. Adieu! think of me as a friend, 'and wear this diamond (preſenting a va-'luable ring) in remembrance of me. Be 'aſſured I ſpeak no more than the mean-'ing of my ſoul, which is, by I know not 'what tie, attached to yours.'

Horatio, naturally open, would have diſburthened his breaſt to his friend, but time permitted not: He departed, promiſing however to keep up a literary correſpondence

reſpondence with his acquaintance in the country. Our hero now grew melancholy. His friend was gone, Acaſto was cold to him, Branſley ſullen, lady Marſham behaved reſervedly; young Wander ſeldom viſited at the houſe; and poor *Louiſa* was under a cruel conſtraint, from the fear of being watched by prying eyes. Since the departure of James, who as Acaſto very laconically informed our hero, was diſcharged for his imprudence and ingratitude, a new ſervant was eſtabliſhed in his room, one whom as Horatio durſt not truſt in any matter of conſequence, Mariamne was now his only medium of conveyance by which to converſe in black and white with Louiſa; for he could ſeldom ſee her alone unleſs he ventured to her apartment, which, conſidering with what ill conſequences a ſurprize might be attended, he would not attempt.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

HORATIO in great Anxiety.—Receives his Fortune from ACASTO.

WHILE things were thus ſituated, an affair happened which entirely ruined the credit of Horatio with his guardian, and eſtabliſhed that of Mr. Branſley.

The chamber where lady Marſham uſually lay chancing to want ſome little repairs and ornaments, ſhe had, ſince the departure of Mr. Belmont, changed it for that in which that young gentleman had, by permiſſion of Acaſto, depoſited many of his books; our hero, ignorant of the change, having recollected that Belmont had borrowed ſome volumes of him, which he told him at parting he had left in this chamber, the former opened the door without ceremony one morning and entered

tered in ſearch of them; when, to his great ſurprize, he ſuddenly perceived lady Marſham in bed, in a poſture not the moſt modeſt; and Branſley reclining by her ſide in a ſituation too amorous to be here ſet down. As the back of the latter was turned to Mr. Saville, he did not perceive him till he was alarmed by a ſudden ſcream of the lady, which likewiſe awaking the attention of Mr. Saville, he would have retired with precipitation, but Branſley riſing threw himſelf in his way, entreating in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner that he would be ſilent as to what he had ſeen. But the ſcreams having alarmed the houſe, no ſooner did lady Marſham hear the tread of people making towards the chamber, without waiting the anſwer of Horatio, ſhe reſolved to turn the tables on him, and exclaimed, 'help! a rape! for hea-'ven's ſake, ſir, defend me from the 'violence of Mr. *Saville*;' Branſley took

the

hint immediately, and availing himſelf of his ſituation, ſeized Horatio, and drawing, clapped his ſword to his breaſt, which the other endeavouring to wreſt from him, they cloſed, and were thus found by Acaſto's ſervants, who parted them with ſome difficulty, but not till our hero had received a ſlight wound in the breaſt, and Branſley loſt one of his teeth, which was ſtruck out with the hilt of his own ſword.

The reader may imagine on whom the guilt of this whole affair fell. Acaſto already prejudiced, eaſily believed the tears and proteſtations of his ſiſter-in-law, and the hypocritical complaint of his other worthleſs relation, who aſſerted, that paſſing along the gallery, he heard his couſin's ſhrieks, which brought him to her relief; and all the excuſe our hero could make, the truth of the matter, proved fruitleſs, as none of the family ſuppoſed him

ignorant

ignorant of the exchange we have mentioned, and none therefore could imagine what buſineſs he had in that room: No wonder then if the teſtimony of the lady, who had always preſerved a good character, weighed againſt his, which had been ſeveral times called in queſtion, preponderated in the mind of *Acaſto*; ſince the moſt upright, wiſe and experienced judge can decide only upon evidence and circumſtances. Mr. *Saville* finding all his pleading void, then for the firſt time flew out into the heat of anger before his guardian, and challenged his accuſer to ſingle fight, beſtowing on him thoſe appellations he ſo juſtly deſerved of villain and incendiary.

Acaſto not uſed to ſuch behaviour from his ward, ordered him with eyes full of the fire of reſentment, inſtantly to quit his preſence and the houſe, telling him he would ſend his attorney to ſettle the affairs relative

relative to his fortune wherever he ſhould direct.

To this Horatio, tranſported with ſudden paſſion, made no reply, but packing up all his immediate neceſſaries, ordered the ſervant to convey them to the next town, and take a lodging for the preſent at ſome inn, from whence the ſtages ſet out for London, whither he was reſolved to ſet forward with all convenient expedition. In leſs than the time allotted him he was ready for his departure; but his anger cooling a little, and the crowded ideas of his father's charge, Acaſto's former kindneſs, and the charms of his dear Louiſa filling his mind, he reſolved yet once more to endeavour, if poſſible, to clear himſelf; and to this purpoſe he ſent a note by a ſervant to Acaſto, requeſting he might once more be permitted to ſee him before he quitted the houſe; at the

ſame

ſame time meeting Mariamne, he acquainted her with what ſhe knew already, and begged her lady's preſence in the park; when, to add to his grief, he was told that ſhe was indiſpoſed in her bed, ſtruck with this ſudden piece of ill news; and all the faithful girl could do was, to convey a tender billet to her. Then Horatio bid her farewel, and gave her a kiſs at parting, preſenting her at the ſame time a miniature of himſelf for her lady, and inſiſting on her acceptance of a very handſome ring for herſelf for a remembrance, which latter ſhe would have refuſed, but he ſtrenuouſly inſiſted on her receiving it: the poor girl ſhed tears at parting from him, and as ſoon as he had turned his back, kiſſed the picture with great emotion, and putting it into her panting boſom, retired with it to her miſtreſs's chamber.

Meanwhile Horatio's ſervant returned, having procured him a lodging at the inn; at

at the ſame time he received an anſwer to his note from Acaſto to the following purport.

'SIR,

'I ONCE little thought my pen would have found occaſion to be employed 'on ſo diſagreeable a ſubject. But as I 'always act on principles of reaſon and 'juſtice, and am not apt to form raſh 'reſolutions, once formed, I generally 'keep thoſe I make. I muſt therefore 'repeat your abſence is highly neceſſary 'to the peace of my family, and therefore 'the ſooner you quit this roof, the more 'I ſhall be obliged to you. All matters 'relative to your fortune ſhall be ſettled 'with the utmoſt preciſion and exactneſs; 'nor ſhall I require any conſideration to 'be made for your board or other ex-'pences during the time you have re-'mained with me.—Had I found you

'what once I thought you, I could not 'have formed to myſelf a higher idea of 'happineſs than your abode in my fa- 'mily, where indeed I own I could once 'have wiſhed to retain you for ever, but 'your morals have taken a ſtrange turn; 'and the laſt piece of friendſhip I can do 'you, is to remind you that your tem- 'poral and eternal welfare muſt depend 'on their amendment. The repeated 'complaints againſt you, and the clear 'evidence of facts leave me no room 'to doubt your guilt, for which, however, 'I ſhall never think of giving you any 'farther trouble than that of ſeeking out 'a new guardian. May you find one 'who will diſcharge his truſt as faithfully 'as he who once was, your friend,

ACASTO.'

On the receipt of this, our adventurer finding there remained no longer any hopes

hopes of reconcilement, prepared for his immediate departure, and mounting his horſe with an aching heart, left that once friendly manſion which contained all he held dear to him on earth. Leſt he ſhould want a preſent ſupply, his guardian had incloſed a bill for 20 *l.* which however in his hurry he forgot, and leaving it on his table, together with his pocket book, his late ſervant made a prize of them both, throwing the latter, in which were ſome valuable memorandums, into the fire, leſt it ſhould diſcover the theft.

Horatio having already given away his purſe, with ſome guineas to be divided amongſt the ſervants, and finding occaſion to ſtop at an inn about half way on his journey for refreſhment, was not a little ſurprized after having called for his reckoning, and aſked the landlord to exchange him a bill, on feeling for it, to find

he

he had it not about him: He was now in a ſort of dilemma, for he was not perſonally known to the maſter of the houſe, and did not care to diſcover himſelf; therefore calling him aſide, he told him that he had unfortunately left the bill behind him, but that he was going only to the next town, from whence he would ſend his money immediately by a ſpecial meſſenger. The maſter of the inn ſtaring him full in the face, cry'd 'Ha! what 'do'ſt ſay!' I ſay, anſwered *Horatio*, that not having ſufficient to defray your charges, I will ſend you the money as ſoon as I come to my lodgings. 'What do'ſt lodge at R—, I know R— very well; at whoſe houſe pry'thee?' Horatio anſwered at the ——; 'that's a good one cry'd the other, do'ſt know who art ſpeaking to? Sure I know the * * * *. Pray what's thy name, ha, friend;' Horatio was now perfectly at a ſtand for the reaſons abovementioned,

and the landlord fancying he had detected him, was going on to accuſe him as a ſharper, when the young gentleman interrupted him with a firm tone of voice, crying, 'Hark'ee, friend, I am not uſed 'to this kind of treatment. My name I 'do not chuſe to diſcover, but I will 'leave you this diamond, taking a ring 'from his finger, which is more than a 'hundred times the value of the debt I 'have contracted:' The glittering of the ring in his eyes began to mollify the fellow, who examining it ſeveral times, cry'd, 'but how do I know it eant counterfeit, I'll aſk our *James*, he's a judge 'of theſe here trinkums;' and ſo ſaying, he rang the bell, when who ſhould enter the room but the very ſervant that had been diſcharged from attending Mr. Saville by Acaſto. He preſently recognized his old maſter, whom he greeted with tears in his eyes, and who welcomed him with

with a friendly ſalutation, not a little moved at the natural goodneſs of heart which appeared in the poor fellow. Inſtead of examining the pledge, he was totally taken up by the joy of ſeeing again his patron; while the hoſt exclaimed, 'what a devil's all this vor? zure the 'man's mad:' But James ſoon explaining the matter, and making no ſcruple to diſcover the name of Horatio, things quickly took a different turn, and preſenting the ring again with many aukward compliments, 'he begged his honour 'would conſider himſelf at home, and 'excuſe him for his rough treatment, be-'cauſe why, there were many o'your 'London ſharpers abroad who mead ſport 'o'cheating poor volk.' Horatio was not much taken with this ſtrained civility, but ordering what more he thought proper, told the fellow with an air of authority that he ſhould ſend the money, but

adviſed him to takecare how he treated travellers ill for the future; but James, who could not think ſo eaſily of quitting his maſter, whiſpered him at parting, that if it was agreeable to his honour, he would forfeit his month's wages at the inn, where he was made a mere ſlave, and come to his honour with the meſſenger he ſent with the money, as he ſuppoſed he was on his travels. But Horatio frankly told him in a few words what had happened, and that he had quitted the houſe of his guardian. James lifted up his hands at this piece of news, but was ſo far from being deterred by it from accompanying him, that he expreſſed a ſtill greater deſire of ſerving him, to which our hero agreed, and having ſettled the preliminaries, ſet forward on his journey.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Horatio's Anxiety—Receives his Fortune from Acaſto.

HORATIO arrived at the inn without meeting with any accident, and opening his eſcrutoire, preſently diſpatched a meſſenger with the money he had left unpaid to his ſour landlord on the road, who returning, brought James with him, according to promiſe, who was taken into preſent pay, and became from that time the moſt faithful ſervant of the beſt of maſters.

As ſoon as he was left alone, he began to reflect on his ſituation, which gave riſe to many diſagreeable reflections; he had however this to comfort himſelf with, that no crime of his own had occaſioned it.

In the firſt place he knew his own fortune to be very ſmall, and himſelf hitherto brought up to no profeſſion in life, which might ſerve to augment it. He had indeed a good ſchool-education, but knew not to what end he ſhould make it ſubſervient, ſince the fondneſs of Acaſto (and ſome other views, of which both he and the reader are ignorant) had prevented his going to the univerſity. Trade he neither underſtood nor was inclined to meddle with; and to purchaſe a commiſſion, it being the time of peace, would have amounted to more than ſuch a ſcanty proviſion was worth. Indeed had our hero been given to fortune-hunting, he might not have deſpaired of ſucceſs, being at this time in the nineteenth year of his age, a tall well-made youth of a fine complexion, bleſſed with great ſtore of health, vigour and agility, and ſkilled in fencing, dancing,

cing, and moſt of the polite accompliſh-ments, for which he had maſters to in-ſtruct him, as well as a private tutor for the Latin, Greek and French languages.

But he was not of this caſt; and the greateſt pain he felt was thus to be de-prived, perhaps for ever, of the company of his dear miſtreſs. Her words at their laſt meeting, concerning the match pro-poſed, ſounded dreadful in his ears, and he greatly feared the effect that promiſes and threatenings, together with a miſre-preſentation of his character, might work in his abſence upon the forlorn Louiſa.

Thus circumſtanced, he could neither eat nor drink, and appeared the picture of melancholy itſelf.—Poor James ſtrove to comfort his maſter, but in vain. His waking thoughts were full of trouble, and he lay down to toſs upon his weary

bed and count the clocks that marked the nightly watch, or closed his eyes but to be the sport of feverish dreams.

Thus was he two days and nights detained by a message from the attorney of Acasto, who came on the third morning to settle his affairs, at whose departure he found himself master of about one thousand pounds: for the noble-minded Acasto had not charged a single farthing for education, or any other expences, but ordered that the whole sum should be delivered into his hands, as he received it from his father. This generosity made Horatio still the more deplore the loss of so worthy a man's friendship; but the chief end for which he had waited was not answered; this was indeed no other than the hopes his mistress, or her Mariamne would, during this interval, have found some method of sending to him:

a thou-

a thouſand anxious thoughts poſſeſſed his mind, and he was for a while the moſt unhappy of mortals.

We would gladly now return to Louiſa, and take a view of the ſituation of that fair mourner, whereby we doubt not but we ſhould gratify the curioſity of our more impatient readers; but this the courſe of our hiſtory forbids: beſides, meſſieurs the criticks, who love to be nibbling, would preſently cry out for unity of time and place, &c. with many other ſuch common-place phraſes, and profeſs themſelves heartily tired with following us from county to county. Now we having great reſpect for this *body* of men, as they are called (not that we mean to inſinutate, as has been ſlyly obſerved by ſome, they are without a *head*, ſince the ſeceſſion of D—r S—t) as we ſaid above, would not wanton-

ly give them any juſt cauſe of offence, and ſhall therefore proceed regularly, after a digreſſive chapter, which being very ſhort, the reader may peruſe or not, as his fancy ſhall determine him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

[Serious Obſervations on Biographers and Biography; with a modeſt Apology for this Work.

WE have with no ſmall ſurprize often heard people blaming an author for introducing many digreſſions into his book, and conſtantly interrupting the thread of his narrative with epiſodes or reflexions, when at the ſame time theſe people have been the firſt to condemn as dull, a hiſtory where ſuch little ornaments were not occaſionally interſperſed: nor can we, for our own parts, help ſome times conſidering them as beauties; certain it is that the ancients thought them ſuch, and it is no leſs certain that ſome very celebrated modern writers have very ſucceſsfully adopted this maxim of winding up the expectation to the higheſt pitch, and then ſud-

ſuddenly deviating from the moſt intereſting parts of the ſtory into ſome bye-path or other, thereby obliging the reader to follow them through many tedious pages, which probably, had they been placed any where elſe in the book, he would never have troubled himſelf to peruſe.

One of the chief of theſe biographers, conſidering that to keep the readers long in ſuſpence was generally reckoned a great art, prudently reſolved to keep his readers ſo for ever, by beginning a ſtory without meaning, and which he never had the leaſt intention to finiſh.

Now, as cuſtom, time immemorial, allows this ineſtimable privilege, to our claſs of authors more eſpecially, we have reſolved to avail ourſelves of it, and have accordingly written this ingenious chapter, not becauſe there was any the leaſt occaſion to inſert it here (ſince, like Bays's prologue,

it

it may ſuit equally any other part of the book) but merely to ſhew that we will, like true Britons, aſſert our rights and privileges, be they never ſo trifling and ridiculous. And having premiſed all this, we ſhall proceed to the XIIth Chapter of this Hiſtory.]

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

HORATIO arrived in London—Commences an Acquaintance with Mr. SMYTHE—Life and Character of that Gentleman.

OUR hero determined to ſet out for the metropolis, and there to ſeek his friend Belmont; who had a worthy uncle, in whoſe hands he propoſed to lodge his ſmall fortune, till an opportunity ſhould offer of improving it to his advantage. Accordingly he took the London coach, having hired a horſe for James, who he reſolved ſhould attend him to town.

And here we might, like many of our cotemporaries, entertain our readers with the adventures of the ſtage-coach, be very witty on the paſſengers, and ſpin out our relation, with the *life, character and behaviour* of

of people who have no connection with our hiſtory: but as we have matter abundantly ſufficient, without ſuch a ſhift, we ſhall bring our hero ſafe to London, lodge him in Pall-mall, and introduce him with very little ceremony to the acquaintance of one Mr. Smythe, all in the compaſs of a few lines.

This Mr. Smythe (whoſe real name, by the bye, was Skipley) was one of thoſe people who are generally known by the appellation of *Gentlemen of the Town*; and as his name will be often brought in queſtion, we do not think it amiſs here to ſet down a ſhort ſketch of his adventures.

He was the offspring of one of thoſe ſecond-hand gentry who occupy the higheſt ſtations in the public theatres, and, by a ſtrange reverſe of Fortune's wheel, the loweſt in private houſes; who viſit by proxy

proxy for people of quality all the morning, wait on them all night, and are vulgarly termed footmen. Mr. John, as he was term'd by the maids, having ſaved a competency in the ſervice of Sir — —, Miſs —, and Mrs. ——, fired with the laudable ambition of becoming *his own maſter*, ſet up a public-houſe; which was frequented by all his party-coloured brethren, and having good cuſtom, he had picked up a pretty ſum of money, great part of which his evil genius tempted him, like his betters, to hazard in the South Sea ſcheme, where he loſt it, and he had *the world to begin again*, as it is called. Meanwhile Mrs. Suſan brought forth a ſon, and called him Robert.—It was whiſpered indeed by ſome malicious people, that maſter Robert came to town a full month before his time, from whence they drew ſome ill-natured inferences; but as we think it allowable in new-married women

to

to be at leaſt a month ſooner, and in widows a month later than the uſual period, we ſhall not encourage the ſcandal, but only take notice that the boy ſoon proved himſelf, by his ſmart behaviour, an extraordinary genius; and poſſeſſed all the good qualities neceſſary for the bar *, to which his father had reſolved to call him. But his mother, who had foretold that he would one day riſe in the world, over-perſuaded her huſband, when the lad was fifteen years of age, to get him recommended as valet to my Lord ——. Mr. John Skipley indeed, though he was forced to ſubmit to the will of his ſovereign lady, could not help regretting that his ſon ſhould deſcend to accept a ſervice: but Mrs. Suſan uſed to quiet his ſcruples,

* Leſt our readers ſhould commit a ſmall miſtake here, we think fit to adverti ſe them, we mean only the bar of the Roſe and Crown in —— ſtreet.

by

by telling him, 'That as how there was 'nothing like a good ſarvice: why what's 'all the world (ſaid ſhe) but ſarvants? 'There's Sir Nicholas Noodle, that dan-'gles every year after the parliament-'man; Sir Thomas, that dances atten-'dance himſelf every ſeſſion at the parlia-'ment-houſe; marry come-up, and what 'are they, I pray, but ſarvants? What's 'Lord Wriggle, that waits for ever on 'Earl Bribewell, Earl Bribewell that waits 'on the Duke of Gammon, and the 'Duke that waits in his turn on the —? 'Never tell me; Bobby ſhall have a good 'ſarvice. If you had kept your's, may 'be it might have been better for ſome 'folks. Beſides, why mayn't the lad 'riſe in time like Cardonel Wooly *, that 'was what d'ye-call-um to the fat man in

* Probably Woolſey, the ſon of a butcher at Ipſwich.

'the

'the play, or B—r there, that was foot-
'boy to the D— of B—d?'

All theſe were prevailing arguments; and maſter Bobby Skipley was made foot-boy to Lord Scrapewell, from whence his lordſhip promoted him to be his valet, and afterwards his gentleman out of livery; when his parents dying, left him upwards of five hundred pounds, with which he reſolved to try his fortune; he then quitted the Earl, changed his name to Smythe, forgot all his old acquaintance, and having kicked down the ſcaffold that raiſed him, after retiring into the country for a few months, returning in the height of the winter ſeaſon, commenced gentleman, frequented all public aſſemblies, mixed at White's with the greateſt nobility and greateſt ſc—ls in the land, and reſolved to live by his wits. While he was thus ſhowing away, it chanced a lady's waiting-woman

woman, who had been very genteelly educated, was captivated by his appearance: forgetful of his own original, he was greatly inclined to deſpiſe a woman in ſuch a ſtation, and his heart proved rather obdurate, till he was mollified on finding that her friends would give her a thouſand pounds, to which her lady would add five hundred more, and he accepted her hand; but having poſſeſſed *her perſon* for near a month, and *her fortune* almoſt a week, he ſuddenly made a voyage to Ireland, in which his wife accompanied him; but being a perſon of a very ſhort memory, in ſome caſes, it failed him here, and returning again to England, totally forgetting he had been married, he left her behind him with child, without a penny to ſubſiſt on. Grief at this ill treatment, and the fatigues of a very bad voyage in ſearch of him to England, proved the death of this young gentlewoman, and Mr. Smythe

was,

was, to his great joy, left a widower, having got rid of what he valued not, the *woman*, and being in full poſſeſſion of what he valued, the *money*.

About this time, the Earl of L—, mentioned in the beginning of this hiſtory, coming to London, became acquainted with Mr. Smythe at White's, who was by this time fully initiated in the myſteries of ſharping; and that nobleman imagining he might be uſeful to him, on that and ſome other accounts, engaged him, not as a ſervant indeed, but in a kind of ſituation which ſome people diſtinguiſh with the name of hanger-on; others indeed were ill-natured enough to vilify him with a title which begins with a p—. We ſhall however content ourſelves with obſerving that Mr. Smythe was to this peer what the jackall is to the lion, and generally ſtarted the game for his lordſhip to run down.

Such

Such was the firſt acquaintance which Horatio made in London, an acquaintance which commenced merely from lodging in the ſame houſe, where Mr. Smyth was genteel enough to give up one of his rooms on the firſt floor to the new gueſt. This gentleman perceiving Mr. Saville to appear melancholy, ſeemed very aſſiduous to divert the gloom which hung upon his brow, and was perpetually offering his ſervice to conduct his fellow-lodger to all places of public entertainment. It was now the beginning of winter; the theatres were open; plays, operas, aſſemblies ſpread their inviting charms, which Mr. Saville was not long able to reſiſt. He was induced often to viſit them, in company with his new friend.

He had, on his firſt arrival in town, made diligent ſearch for the uncle of his friend Mr. Belmont, but in vain; that gent-

gentleman having been for ſome time indiſpoſed, had taken a tour to the ſouth of France for the recovery of his health. Horatio conſoled himſelf for this diſappointment by the company and counſel of Smythe, who, as we have ſaid above, was always engaging him in diverſions, and whoſe coffee-houſe acquaintance were occaſionally of the party. To all of thoſe, at different times, was our hero introduced. —This is Sir Charles Giddy.—This is Captain Fireball, of the Train, a worthy officer, and my particular friend.—This is Dr. Graveair.—This the polite Mr. Simper.—This the celebrated Mr. M—y, lawyer, poet, and commedian; and this Lieut. Bower, of the Tartarus, a braver officer never ſtept between ſtem and ſtern.—— Nor were the fair ſex forgotten; Lady Fanny D——, Miſs Settall, Miſs Ogle, Miſs E—n, and the engaging Miſs Loveit,

were

were all in turn brought acquainted with Horatio.

It is eaſy to imagine that ſuch company could not be kept without launching out into expences, eſpecially as our hero was of a generous turn naturally, and had not yet learned half the real value of money: it is true he could not be ſuppoſed not to know the worth in exchange of the currency of his country; but he had not yet learned of how great utility it was in life: he could indeed readily caſt up how much any ſum expended in a day would amount to in a year, but he had not yet conſidered that it was neceſſary for a perſon of ſmall fortune to keep a regular account, and contrive to live within the intereſt of his capital. And here we ſhall ſubjoin an obſervation, which, whether it has, or has not ever been uſed before, we profeſs

profeſs ourſelves entirely careleſs. — It is this:

'That, after all the conſolation, reaſon, 'philoſophy, and friendſhip can admini- 'ſter to ſorrow and melancholy, the ef- 'fect of one complete round of diver- 'ſions will exceed them all.'

CHAP. XIV.

Mr. SAVILLE, introduced to a Great Man.—A Buck's Courage diſplayed.

HORATIO now reſolved to aſk his new friend's advice how he ſhould diſpoſe of his money; who adviſed him to place it with a banker, where he might always have it at command, and not be put to the neceſſity of telling any one how often, or for what uſe he might ſtand in need of his own money; and indeed this advice ſeemed eligible enough to our hero, who was by this time pretty deeply engaged in ſuch expenſive parties, as rendered frequent draughts for caſh indiſpenſibly requiſite. He could not however forbear expreſſing to Smythe his ſollicitude for laying out his fortune on ſome genteel employment, together with a hint

hint of his inclination for the army. That gentleman immediately told him, he was very glad to hear that his genius turned that way, 'For, ſaid he, it is the moſt 'genteel employment on earth, and I 'ſhall have it in my power to aſſiſt you 'in procuring a commiſſion. D—n it, I 'might have had one myſelf if I could 'have ſettled to it: but never talk of 'laying out your money on it—It ſhall 'not coſt you a penny. Why, there's 'my Lord L—, who ſaw you with me 'the other night at the aſſembly, has 'taken ſuch a liking to you, 'tis unknown 'what he'll do to ſerve you.—He is inti-'mate with his Grace of N—, and can 'get you a commiſſion at a word's ſpeak-'ing.—I'll introduce you to-morrow at 'his Lordſhip's levee.'

At the title of L— Horatio ſtarted, and aſked whether the peer knew his

name and family? at the ſame time mentioning ſome circumſtances which we have already related, concerning the foreclosure of his father's eſtate. Smythe replied he knew all this before, and that the nobleman ſeemed reſolved to make amends to the ſon for his rigidneſs to the father. After ſome argumentation on the ſubject, which we ſhall not here ſet down, Mr. Saville agreed to wait on the Earl, and Smythe accordingly promiſed to introduce him the next morning.

Our hero, though he engaged deeply in the diverſions of the town, was by no means well pleaſed with ſome of the criminal exceſſes daily (or rather *nightly)* practiſed in this metropolis. However, his diſapprobation was generally rather ſhewn by his not joining in them, than by his declaiming againſt them. But, as many of his companions affected to laugh him

him out of his opinions, he ſometimes took the liberty of rallying them alſo in his turn, for accidents which happening in the courſe of their adventures often made them fit ſubjects of ridicule.

With a heart lighter than uſual, and not a little elated by the hopes his new friend inſpired in his breaſt, Mr. Saville ſought the uſual rendezvous of theſe gentlemen, reſolved to drown all cares in claret, and being this evening particularly jocoſe, the Hon. Capt. Fireball, who was always the firſt at endeavouring to laugh virtue out of countenance, after many ſarcaſtic ſpeeches, which rather bordered on affronts, aſked Horatio, who being gaily inclined, only laughed at all he had ſaid, 'Where he had left his gravity?' 'In 'a ſafer place (returned the young gen- 'tleman) than where you left your watch, 'ſword, and laced ſuit, when you were

'obliged to deſcend, by the ſhorteſt way, 'from a chamber window to the ſtreet.' —Now this happening to touch on an affair, not much to the credit of the Hon. Captain's virtue or courage, greatly excited his anger. It ſeems that worthy officer had been engaged in a correſpondence with a gentleman's wife, whom, when he attempted to ſeduce, ſhe acquainted her huſband (his intimate friend) with his baſeneſs; it was agreed between them that ſhe ſhould ſeem to comply, but propoſe, for fear of diſcovery, to meet him at a certain private houſe of no extraordinary fame. Meanwhile the huſband engaged Mrs. S—, a lady of pleaſure, to wait there for his arrival.—She was in bed, and the officer entering the room, as by agreement, in the dark, undreſſed himſelf and haſtened to join her. But he had no ſooner laid himſelf down, than he heard

heard a violent noiſe at the door, which the lady, in a voice his confuſion prevented his diſtinguiſhing from that of Mrs. S— herſelf, aſſured him it was her huſband, and urged him to riſe and take to his ſword; but the captain having a great ſhare of prudence, declined a combat; and deſcended with great agility, at the hazard of broken bones, into the ſtreet, leaving the ſpoils of his cloaths, watch and ſword, to the girl, which, as he never choſe to claim them, ſerved to reward her for her trouble. Now Fireball at this very inſtant recollecting all theſe diſagreeable circumſtances, prepared to pour his whole fury on Horatio, of whoſe perſonal proweſs he had as yet ſeen no proofs. Therefore, cocking his hat with an air of defiance, 'Damn you, Sir, 'ſaid he in a big voice, do you mean to 'affront me?' (laying his hand on his ſword.) To which our hero anſwered only

ly with the monoſyllable 'No:' which the other, not knowing his temper, attributed to fear; and ſwearing he would chaſtiſe him for his inſolence, ſaluted him with a full glaſs of wine in his face, at the ſame time half drawing his weapon, which Mr. Saville returned with a very ſmart ſtroke of his cane over the officer's head, being ſo hemmed in by the company that he could not eaſily draw. Now what to ſome may ſeem ſurprizing, *Fireball*, who was ſo ready before to preſent his ſteel, ſeemed now totally to have forgot its uſe, and contenting himſelf with a hearty curſe, was juſt departing the room, when ſome of the company, who had been often troubled with his imperious behaviour, ſeizing him by the arm, with the help of Lieut. Bower, brought him back, inſiſting that he ſhould either fight his antagoniſt, or aſk pardon for his offence; which

which latter alternative, after much grumbling, he ſubmitted to, and never after was the Hon. Capt. *Fireball* ſeen in that reſpectable company. Our hero's reputation was raiſed, by this adventure, amongſt his companions; and Smythe, who was not preſent when it happened, extolled his courage highly, when he was acquainted with the ſtory.

CHAP. XV.

Our Adventurer ſets up for a man of faſhion. —— Becomes acquainted with Mrs. SUTTON.

AT the time appointed, Horatio was introduced at the levee of the Earl of L—, which he found crowded with fawners and cringers; he read expectation in the eyes of each, which grew more and more eager, as the time drew on in which his Lordſhip was to make his appearance. When it arrived, Horatio was preſented by Mr. Smythe to the nobleman, who received him with a gracious ſmile, and deſired the favour of his company to drink a diſh of chocolate with him, which being readily agreed to, when the reſt were departed, the triumvirate being ſeated, Lord L— thus began: 'Mr. Saville, I hope all 'that has paſſed of a diſagreeable nature 'between

'between our families, will be buried in 'oblivion: I ſhall be proud of being 'ranked amongſt the number of your 'friends.' 'Your Lordſhip honours me,' (replied Saville.) 'Can I ſerve you, Mr. 'Saville?—I have heard you are inclined 'to the military?—Will you accept a 'pair of colours, to begin with?' 'Moſt 'gratefully, my Lord.' 'They are 'your's.—Can't ſay indeed my intereſt 'extends farther.—But the Duke of N—! 'Oh! the Duke's a great man—loves 'merit—raiſes youth:—'tis amazing 'how many young gentlemen owe their 'fortune's to him—I muſt introduce you 'to him.' A long converſation enſued, in which his Lordſhip affected greatly to admire the genius of Mr. Saville, who was in his turn no leſs pleaſed with the behaviour of the nobleman. Unknowing in the manners of courts, a few kind words led him to imagine his fortune made for ever,

ever, and he departed with the utmoſt ſatisfaction.

Smythe failed not, as they walked together, to encourage his friend in his expectations, extolling the generoſity of the Earl, 'whom (ſaid he) poſſibly in your 'turn, you may have an opportunity, ere 'long, to oblige;' which, it is eaſy to imagine, Horatio profeſſed himſelf ready to do; though little did he think, at that time, of what nature the obligation was to be.

When they were come home, this gentleman engaged Horatio to accompany him to an aſſembly, where card-playing making a great part of the entertainment, the latter found himſelf, after ſome hours ſpent in that *very rational* diverſion, the loſer of about eighty guineas. On his return he could not help expreſſing ſome diſſatisfaction at this circumſtance; but

Smythe

Smythe conſoled him by obſerving, that if Fortune were *cruel* at one time, ſhe would no doubt be *kind* at another; and affected to railly him on his being chagrined by ſo trifling a loſs; adding, he had ſeen gentlemen loſe three times that ſum out of mere complaiſance. Horatio replied ſomewhat ſmartly, 'that, however juſt theſe obſervations might be, his ſlender fortune could by no means bear repeated ſhocks of this kind.' Mr. Smythe affected to laugh at his ſimplicity.— 'Why, ſaid 'he, the card-table is the very ſchool of 'fortune; when you are once initiated 'there, it will be a mine of treaſure to 'you; and how happy would ſome be 'with your accompliſhments, which muſt 'one day raiſe you in the world.' He then proceeded to obſerve on the number of gay youths, who eat well, drank well, appeared genteelly, kept the beſt of company, frequented all public places, and

ſubſiſted

ſubſiſted entirely on the ſtrength of their genius and ſuperior talents.

'Don't imagine (continued he) Mr. 'Saville, I mean the authors on the town; 'no, they are poor devils, and obliged to 'proſtitute their pens, as the women of the 'town do their perſons, to every ſcoun-'drel for hire. I would ſcorn to adviſe my 'friend to court thoſe dirty drabs, the 'muſes; but with your figure, Sir, your 'perſon, and polite accompliſhments, can 'you look in this (preſenting a pocket-'glaſs) and doubt of ſucceſs?'

Horatio was, like all mankind, open to flattery; he was no coxcomb, yet as he could not be blind to his own figure, applied the compliment: he had been told his converſation was agreeable, he knew his own talents, and could not but believe ſo. Beſides, he thought himſelf obliged to own the force of his friend's firſt argument.

ment. But being totally ignorant of the means by which thoſe who are generally called *gentlemen of the town*, ſubſiſt; an utter ſtranger to their flatteries, their baſeneſs, their mean cringings to the courtier, their ſcandalous defrauds of the tradeſman, their ſharping tricks at cards, their meanneſſes in common life, their baſe treatment of the fair ſex, and the reſt of that train of little arts they ſo ſhamefully practiſe: unacquainted with theſe, he was content to ſuppoſe, as his friend had intimated, that theſe adventurers ſupported themſelves on the dear regards conferred by greatneſs upon merit; comforting himſelf with the thoughts that in this metropolis, talents like his would ever ſupport their poſſeſſor, if not in affluence, at leaſt in a ſtate far above want.

Having heard nothing all this while from Louiſa, he concluded that ſhe had at laſt

laſt ſubmitted, and ſacrificed him to Branſley, whom he found to be his rival: the thoughts of her now wore off by degrees, and he grew leſs careful of his conduct every day: his expences increaſed with his gaities, and he was hardly to be known for the ſame perſon, as when under the protection of the good Acaſto, ſo much had a few months reſidence in London, and a change of company, altered him.

There were two things which, however, he had ever paid great regard to; his honour and his health, neither of which he was inclined to ſacrifice to Pleaſure, though he was become in a manner her votary. He was however fond of the fair ſex, and though he had no great reliſh for thoſe willing nymphs who are generous enough to beſtow at once the enjoyment of their perſons and diſeaſes on their admirers; nor,

nor, on the other hand, choſe to ruin innocence, or diſturb the peace of private families; yet was he fond of coquetting with the fair, the young and the amorous. Mr. Smythe being of the ſame opinion as ſome wiſe m—rs have adopted, that they could not more effectually hold their aſcendancy over their maſters, than by providing them with miſtreſſes devoted to their own intereſts; this gentleman therefore ſoon caſt his eyes on one Mrs. Sutton, in order to execute a ſcheme of the like nature on Horatio; with whoſe life and adventures we ſhall proceed to bring the reader acquainted.

Mrs. Sutton was the daughter of a merchant in Ireland, and had in her youth many ſuitors, on account of her fortune, but only one who was warmed by a real paſſion; the name of this young gentleman was *Selby*; he was her father's clerk,

and

and though of a good family, having but little expectations on the ſcore of wealth, Miſs, whoſe heart was ſet on grandeur, deſpiſed his modeſt addreſſes, and was juſt on the point of being married to a nobleman, when her father failed, and his lordſhip changed his propoſals of marriage into thoſe of taking her for a miſtreſs, which ſhe in her turn rejected. All her ſuitors however forſook her, young Selby excepted, who having a fortune, beyond his expectations, bequeathed him, ſome time after renewed his addreſſes, and generouſly married the humbled fair one. If ſhe could have known what gratitude was, ſhe would have been extremely conſtant to him; but he having ſacrificed the firſt part of his money in ſetting her father up again, and ſupporting him in the world, her affections began to grow very cool towards him, of which when he complained in the moſt gentle terms, he re-

received very bitter anſwers: at length ſhe fixed her eyes on a captain of the name of *Sutton*, with whom ſhe eloped to England, carrying with her bills and caſh of her huſband's, to a great amount. Her unhappy huſband having ſome knowledge of navigation and the ſea, for which he was originally intended, bereft at once of his fortune and his love, embarked as ſecond Lieut. of a privateer, it being in time of war, on board of which he was killed, bravely fighting; this veſſel having engaged a French ſhip of ſuperior force, cruiſing in the Bay of Biſcay. After his death, which was ſoon followed by that of her father, his widow aſſumed the Captain's name, who was a man of fortune, and at his deceaſe left her a ſettlement of an hundred a year, upon which, together with ſome *accidental aids*, ſhe made a ſhift to ſubſiſt genteelly: ſome indeed there were, who ſcrupled not to call

call her jilt, &c, But this ſhe bore with becoming patience, being by far more fond of a purſe full of a certain yellow metal, than ſhe was of a good name.

Such was the perſon Mr. Smythe recommended to Horatio.—Now let not the reader's great ſagacity ſuggeſt to him that this lady immediately proſtituted her perſon to him, and became the ſlave of his pleaſures; no! ſhe had a greater regard, if not to *decorum*, at leaſt to *intereſt*, and knew too well the method of dealing with ſuch young gentlemen as our hero, whoſe paſſions are inflamed by difficulty and ſuſpenſe, and their eſteem won by a ſhadow of modeſty in thoſe whom they have not the leaſt wiſh to find poſſeſſed of the reality. She received one preſent after another from Mr. Saville, without thoughts of making a return; but when he preſſed her cloſe, ſhe put him off with a gaiety

peculiar

peculiar to people of her caſt. —— Meanwhile he embarked more and more every day in *life*, as it is called; by which term, we humbly conceive, is meant frequenting plays, operas and aſſemblies, living faſhionably, and loſing faſhionably at the gaming-table. In which places, the laſt eſpecially, all the nobility of the land were his friends and humble ſervants; though perhaps in private they were not quite ſo ſolicitous of his acquaintance; a circumſtance which perhaps our hero, like many other young gentlemen, did not obſerve; otherwiſe he might have ſet but little value on an honour he ſhared in common with bullies and ſharpers: for at this faſhionable place, it is well known, that the diſpoſition of affairs is ſuch, that there is not a nobleman who frequents it, but is obliged to mix with the greateſt ſcoundrels in the nation, provided they be well dreſſed, and poſſeſs a competent

ſkill

ſkill in the genteel methods of laying contributions on the company. To treat this matter briefly, a gaming-table is at all times a monſtrous and incongruous aſſembly, formed on a plan directly oppoſite to every ſocial virtue, abounding in fraud and injuſtice, ill-manners and ill-nature, and the greateſt antidote to benevolence and humanity that ever entered the heart of our grand foe to preſcribe, or his agent the miſanthrope to adminiſter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

An unexpected Meeting.—Adventures of Miſs LEONORA SYDENHAM.

ONE day as Mr. Saville was walking in the Park, at the ſame time enjoying the benefit of the freſh air, and the contemplation of a brilliant company, who were drawn together for their morning's recreation, he perceived an officer ſtedfaſtly to fix his eyes on him, whoſe features though he well remembered, he could not recollect his name; and the two gentlemen ſtood like pieces of ſtill life for ſome time ſtaring on each other, till at laſt both, as if by a ſudden ſympathy, cried out, 'my dear Saville,' 'my friend 'captain Belmont!'

As neither our hero nor the captain were engaged with any company, they joined each other, and preſently entered into

into an agreeable tête-a-tête converſation, in the courſe of which the ſituation of affairs in the country made no ſmall part of their entertainment.

It was natural at this time, the reader will judge, for our hero to make enquiries after his Louiſa, the reſult of which was, that his friend the captain informed him ſhe was, when he left the country, in a temper ſo ſeemingly indifferent to every thing, and a ſtate of health ſo nearly varying to melancholy, that it had been thought proper to remove her to a neighbouring ſeat, where more of life (as her relations termed it) was going forward, in order to divert her attention, as ſhe could by no means be prevailed on to take a journey to town.

Horatio ſighed at the recital, and Belmont willing to relieve the anxiety of his friend, turned the diſcourſe inſenſibly on his

his own adventures ſince they parted, which he related as follows:

I believe you are well acquainted with my paſſion for the beautiful Miſs Leonora Sydenham, and not entirely a ſtranger to the good reception it once met with both from the charmer and her father; but the latter of theſe, who is a man of a moſt arbitrary temper in every thing relating to his children, thought fit, ſoon after your departure to London, where I then was, to ſend me a letter, prohibiting the continuance of my addreſſes to his daughter, and at the ſame time forbidding me his houſe; and all this without any offence given on my ſide, or any reaſon alledged on his, except that of his ſole will and pleaſure.

It ſeemed he had fixed his eyes on one Sumner, a rich country gentleman, whoſe wealth was his only accompliſhment, for

the husband of Leonora, and having been ever too much accustomed to consider his children as his property, he never supposed there was the least occasion to consult her inclinations, the moment he had changed his own, imagining it always reason sufficient that a parent commanded for a daughter to obey.

The effect however which this letter wrought on me, was that of hurrying instantly down to the neighbourhood of S— Place, where I sent for him to the house of a common friend, and strove by every possible means to divert him from his purpose; but all I could say signified nothing: in vain did I urge his promise; all I got in return was no more than a confirmation of my sentence. He said he had been informed of some particulars relative to my conduct and circumstances, with which, as he was unacquainted when he granted

me

me permiſſion to addreſs his daughter, the nature of them was ſuch, that, being known, they were abundantly ſufficient to induce him to recall it.—However, he carefully avoided entering into particulars, and concluded by deſiring he might not be farther importuned, by letter or meſſage, to grant what he was determined to deny; adding, that he would keep a watchful eye on his daugter. And ſo ſaying, he departed, leaving me almoſt mad with vexation.

When he was gone, I began to caſt about for ſome method by which I might be admitted, once more, to the preſence of my Leonora; to which purpoſe I corrupted one of the ſervants, but ſo ſcrupulouſly exact was ſhe in her obedience to her father's commands, that I would not venture to truſt her with the ſecret of my ſcheme, till I had accompliſhed it, which was effected in the following manner:

Though Miſs Sydenham had never been ſuffered to go out alone, ſince my arrival in the country, yet ſhe was permitted the liberty of walking every evening in the pleaſure-garden, behind her father's houſe, accompanied ſometimes by an old nurſe, a dependant on the family, and ſometimes by the very girl I had won to my intereſt, whoſe name was Maria, and who was looked upon as a perſon too ſimple to betray her truſt.

At the bottom of this garden had formerly been a door which opened to the fields, long ſince cloſed up, and a brick wall thrown up againſt it, part of which having fallen, it remained only about breaſt high; this door was by every one thought very ſecure, but my faithful ſpy aſſured me, that ſhe could with eaſe remove the few nails that held it, which ſhe would ſet about that very day, and admit me on the

ſuc-

ſucceeding evening, by moon-light. At the time appointed I went accordingly, and having poſted my man, with two horſes, at a proper diſtance, to provide againſt what might happen, I eſſayed the door, as I had been directed, and eaſily pulled it open towards me; then crouching behind the branches of a tree, which formed a kind of curtain over the breach in the wall, I took a view all around, and preſently perceived my fair-one at the farther end of the garden, walking with Maria; I took the advantage, when her back was towards me, to put aſide my leafy ſkreen, and mounting over the ruined wall, conveyed myſelf to a little ſummer-houſe, where I lay hid, till I perceived her approach it, when, to prevent her being too greatly ſurprized, I began to make a ruſtling in the leaves of a vine behind which I was concealed: Leonora ſtarted; 'Don't be alarmed, Madam, ſaid Maria, it is only

the trick of ſome of the ſervants to frighten me. Are not you aſhamed, ſaid ſhe, then, approaching the arbour, to terrify my young lady ſo, whoever you are; but come out this inſtant, or, I vow and declare I'll fetch you out."—At this I knew my cue, and appeared, when, notwithſtanding all my precautions, the lovely Leonora was ready to faint in my arms as I embraced her. 'Cruel! ſaid ſhe, is it 'thus you teſtify your love.—Can nothing 'convince me of your conſtancy, but 'this double hazard of your own ſafety, 'and my character? Know you my en-'raged father vows deſtruction on you, if 'ever you are ſeen near this manſion?—'Know you———' 'I know it all, my 'charmer, ſaid I, interrupting her; but at 'the ſame time I know I cannot live with-'out you.—Sumner, the deteſted Sum-'ner! Oh! Leonora, can you conſent to 'be ſacrificed to him?' 'Neither Sum-

'ner,

'ner, nor any one but he who has my 'heart, replied my fair-one, ſhall ever 'have my hand; — ought you not to be 'ſatisfied with this declaration; have 'you not been aſſured that hand and 'heart are your's; and can you doubt of 'the reſolution of one whoſe affections 'you take ſo much pains to gain?' This and much more ſhe ſaid, to ſooth my ſoul; ſtill conjuring me to leave her, and truſt the reſt to heaven. I quitted not her company, however, till our faithful ſcout, Maria, who watched for us, brought intelligence of her duenna's approach; then, after imprinting a warm kiſs on the lips of my miſtreſs, I returned again by the ſame way I came, and joining my man, rode away undiſcovered.

I would have repeated my viſit the next evening, but waited the intelligence of Maria, who ſummoned me not till three

nights afterwards, when ſhe ſaid her miſtreſs had a particular deſire to ſee me. On my arrival I found the lovely mourner ſeated in the arbour, in a melancholy poſture; when I approached her ſhe aroſe, and thus addreſſed me. 'My dear Bel-
'mont—it is perhaps the laſt time I ſhall
'call you ſo; I have ſent for you to in-
'form you of my father's cruelty, and fi-
'nal reſolutions in regard to me. I have
'ſeveral times ſeen Sumner, ſince I met
'you here, and every viſit has rendered
'him more diſagreeable to me than the
'former. My father firſt introduced him
'to me, ſaying, behold, Leonora, the
'man deſtined by heaven and your pa-
'rents for your huſband, treat him with a
'reſpect due to that character, or hope no
'favour from me. He withdrew, and
'Sumner behaved as one who truſted ſo
'much to his words, that his addreſſes to
'me were little elſe than a recapitulation

'of

'of his own good fortune, and a promiſe
'to become to me a gentle maſter. I
'treated him with the diſdain ſuch aſſu-
'rance deſerved; he departed in anger,
'and my father's reſentment was ſo great
'as all my ſubmiſſions could not mollify.
'In vain I threw myſelf, in tears, at his
'feet, and begged him to have compaſ-
'ſion on his unhappy daughter. He was
'almoſt ready to ſpurn me from him, and
'would hearken to nothing I could urge
'in my favour. He left me, with re-
'pea'ed injunctions to receive the viſits
'of this deteſted lover, which I bore with
'all the reſignation I could; till this day,
'reduced to the laſt extremity, I endea-
'voured to throw myſelf on his humanity,
'conjuring him not to wed one whoſe
'heart could never be his.—Sumner heard
'me to the end, with a ſeeming attention;
'then taking my hands violently in his,
'while I attempted in vain to withdraw

'them:' 'Now hear me, Madam, (ſaid 'he) I have liſtened to your romantic re-'queſt, and this is my anſwer: I am not 'acquainted with forms of courtſhip, nor 'are they wanting here; I have ever de-'ſired an alliance with your family, and 'now I deſire as much the poſſeſſion of 'your perſon, which I doubt not, (ſaid the 'monſter) but you would have given up 'to your Belmont, with much leſs cere-'mony; therefore I declare, (and ſwore an 'oath that made me tremble) I will no 'longer be tantalized. To-morrow, or 'at fartheſt the next day, ſhall give me 'the poſſeſſion of my wiſhes, and ſecure '(I doubt not) an heir to my eſtate; and 'let me ſee whether your captain's force 'or policy can prevent my deſign. He re-'tired, and returned with my father, whoſe 'rage was redoubled; he confirmed my 'fears, and the day after to-morrow is 'fixed on—Oh! Belmont—for what—

'to

'to make me ever miſerable; but fear 'not, never will I——' 'No! no! by 'heaven, exclaimed I paſſionately, ſooner 'ſhall my blood be ſprinkled on the earth 'than that ſhall happen; but ſpeak 'quickly, will you leave your cruel pa-'rent? ſhall we fly together? by what 'means—' 'No, Belmont, ſaid Leono-'ra, even now my father ſuppoſes me in 'my chamber.—Maria was entruſted to 'ſecure me, and that alone were ſufficient 'to prevent my thinking on ſuch a 'ſcheme; but beſides, my fame, my ho-'nour——' 'What then, and will you, 'can you ſacrifice—?' 'Not ſo, my 'Belmont; my ſiſter Iſabella is now 'with an aunt who loves us with a mo-'ther's love, to her I have ſent.—She will 'engage my kinſwoman in my favour; 'I wait her anſwer to-morrow, and leave 'the reſt to heaven; meanwhile I con-'jure you fly this dangerous place, nor

'more

'more attempt ſchemes ſo deſtructive of 'your ſafety and my honour.'—She had ſcarce finiſhed theſe words, when Maria came running, out of breath, towards us, exclaiming, 'you are betrayed, undone, '—my maſter,—Mr. Sumner.—' At theſe words Leonora fainted in my arms; and hearing already the tread of purſuers, confuſed as I was, I determined to bear her off, which I accordingly did, finding, moſt opportunely, my man waiting at the breach, who hurried Leonora, ſtill ſwooning, in his arms to my chaiſe, and threw over her his long cloak; I got in likewiſe, and imagining we ſhould ſoon be purſued, drove off at full ſpeed, my ſervant following, towards M——.

In the mean time it is hardly poſſible to expreſs my concern for the life and health of my Leonora, as well as my fears leſt this ſtep of mine to ſecure her ſafety, ſhould

ſhould not meet with her pardon. Indeed, when ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe could not forbear ſeverely rebuking me for my temerity: I uſed every means to convince her of the neceſſity of ſuch a proceeding, but could by no means pacify her, till I promiſed to place her with the aunt whom ſhe had mentioned. Accordingly, as ſoon as I had prevailed on Leonora to paſs for the ſiſter of a country-gentleman, whom I perſonated, I left her under the care of a faithful friend at M—, and went in ſearch of her aunt. Being come within a few miles of the houſe, I ſent a meſſenger, as from Miſs Sydenham, to entreat an anſwer from her ſiſter to her letter; and accordingly, after waiting ſome time, he brought one, with which I poſted back to M—, where Leonora opening it, read to the following effect:

'Dear

'Dear Siſter,

'IT is impoſſible to expreſs my concern for your preſent unhappy ſituation, which is encreaſed by my not having the power to ſerve you with my aunt; all that can be obtained from her is a promiſe to ſee and talk with Sumner, whom, if ſhe does not approve, ſhe will then endeavour to diſſuade your father from the match; in the mean time, ſo high is her idea of parental authority and prudence, that ſhe will not ſo much as write to him, to prevent the ſudden celebration of your nuptials, truſting every thing, as ſhe ſaid, to her brother's wiſer conduct: I am alſo forbidden to correſpond with you.—Was ever any thing ſo provokingly ſtupid, ſo void of ſenſibility.—And, ah! Leonora, how unlike is your conduct towards your faithful Belmont, to that of a gentle miſ-

'treſs

'treſs towards a paſſionate lover. When 'parents command impoſſibilities, 'tis 'time for children to diſobey.—Sumner, 'horrid! were not a deſert better, with 'your Belmont, than the earth's wealth 'with him? Perhaps you will blame 'theſe ſentiments; yet were it better if 'you could, for once, adopt them, and, 'truſting to the generoſity of Belmont, 'leave your cruel father, regardleſs of 'my aunt, and throw yourſelf on his 'friendſhip, and that of your affectionate

'ISABELLA.'

My Leonora began now to be convinced that the ſtep I had taken was really neceſſary to her repoſe, yet ſtill ſhe reſolved on ſending her father and her aunt ſome reaſons for her departure, to which I conſented on condition of concealing the place of her retirement, and incloſed a few lines from myſelf to Mr. Maiſley.

Maiſley. An anſwer full of reproaches ſoon arrived at the place ſhe had appointed to receive it, incloſing one for me from her mother; in which that lady informed me Mr. Maiſley had taken poſt-horſes to London, whither he had gone in ſearch of his child.—After ſome days had elapſed, my Leonora received another letter from him, dated at London, couched in terms rather more mild, and entreating to ſee me at a friend's houſe in town. I am come hither upon this buſineſs; but, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, I have waited two days at the houſe of the gentleman mentioned in his letter, in vain, to ſee him. To-morrow, therefore, if he arrives not, I am determined to return to M—, leſt ſome ſcheme ſhould be plotting againſt the peace of my Leonora.

The Captain had ſcarce finiſhed the ſentence, when his eyes caught a gentleman walk-

walking haſtily, at ſome diſtance, on which he apologized for abruptly leaving Mr. Saville; but ſaid, he hoped he would excuſe him, as he had ſome affairs of conſequence to tranſact with that gentleman, but would meet his old friend at the Bedford in the evening.

There was ſomething extraordinary, in the eye of Mr. Saville, in this parting, that he would willingly, if good manners had permitted him, have followed his friend; as it was, however, he followed him with his eye till he ſaw him overtake the ſtranger, and both walked arm and arm together towards the Green Park.

At this juncture of time, Smythe and ſome other choice ſpirits coming up with our hero, with a ſlap on his ſhoulder, rouſed him from his reverie, and engaged him to dine with them at a celebrated tavern, where, as the converſation, however

ever agreeable it might be among themſelves, had nothing in it intereſting to the reader, we ſhall paſs it over in ſilence, and not, like ſome biographers, make uſe of it to fill our blank leaves with.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Deſcription of L—. A Great Man's Promiſe.

THE Earl of L— became now very particular in his regard to young Mr. Saville, who, forgetful of the injuries his family had ſuſtained from that of the nobleman, thought himſelf happy in the favour of ſo great a perſonage; for whom he carried his reſpect ſo far, that there was not the meaneſt dependant, the moſt ſervile retainer to his lordſhip, but was admitted to the company and confidence of Horatio. To them he unfolded the moſt ſecret paſſages of his life, careſſed them as his friends, and conſulted them as his relations. To perſons of honour, this free ſpirit, this open confidence, may perhaps greatly have endeared him; but on theſe gentlemen it had a contrary effect; they

they deſpiſed him for his miſplaced confidence, and looked on him as a fit perſon to prey on: ſoon would they have found means to ſtrip him of his little fortune, and turn him adrift to the wide world, by their pernicious counſels, but that their patron, who had not yet done with him, reſtrained them.—He hated him extremely, as well knowing himſelf to be poſſeſſed of part of the Saville eſtate, which would by no means bear a conteſt: he reſolved therefore utterly to ruin the heir to it, whoſe ill fortune had unexpectedly thrown him in his way.

About this time Lady L— arrived from Bath, whither ſhe had gone for her health; though his lordſhip, who was not the tendereſt of huſbands, had not thought proper to accompany her thither.

He, however, on her arrival, preſented Mr. Saville to her ladyſhip, as one

one for whom he had the higheſt eſteem, and in whoſe company he could wiſh her often to ſpend her time.

Ever willing to oblige, Lady L—, with a winning ſweetneſs, welcomed the ſtranger, and received his ſalute, in ſo affable, and courteous a manner, as ſerved to give our hero a kind of prejudice in her favour, which he never loſt during the courſe of his various adventures through life.

This lady was one of thoſe whom many termed a beauty, and all owned to be agreeable. She had a delicate complexion, fine black eyes, a ruby lip, and teeth like ivory. Her dark hair, which ſhe never defiled with powder, ſeemed to ſet off the poliſh'd whiteneſs of her graceful neck and ſnowy boſom. She was tall of ſtature, well made, and of a genteel deportment. But a conſtant languor appeared in her countenance, and the ſigh ſtole frequently from

from her breaſt.—She was generous, ſenſible, ſincere, affable, and ſoft to an exceſs, and had ſomething ſo engaging in her converſation, as won the eſteem of all who were favoured with her company. Indeed many had not that happineſs; for her ladyſhip ſeemed rather fond of a retired life, and had more than once been heard to wiſh herſelf ſecluded from the world.

Horatio was frequent in his viſits to her ladyſhip, and ſoon contracted a kind of friendſhip for her. As to the widow, he began indeed to neglect her, and Smythe fearing he had received ſome intimation of her real character, he reſolved to be before-hand with Horatio in expreſſing a diſlike of that lady's conduct, and cleared himſelf as much as poſſible from the ſuppoſition of being any ways concerned with her. He ſaid ſhe had been recommended to him, by people of very good character, but he was afraid ſhe was a jilt; and even adviſed Mr. Saville

ville to demand a return of his preſents, which had been very conſiderable, amounting to about two hundred pounds. But, to the great, real ſurprize of the one, and the no leſs affected ſurprize of the other, that lady thought fit to leave her lodgings in debt, and decamp by night, taking with her a bill for fifty pounds, which Horatio had entruſted with her to change into caſh for him. At the ſame time the banker decamped with about four hundred pounds that Mr. Saville had lodged in his hands, who was alſo recommended by Smythe. Theſe loſſes ſat heavy on our hero's mind; yet ſo artfully did his friend manage matters, that he was not in the leaſt ſuſpected. Nay, he even offered to lend money, where he was ſure it would not be accepted.

The earl, on his return, affected to condole with Mr. Saville on theſe misfortunes, and adviſed him to place the remainder of

of his money with his ſteward; for which he offered his own bond, bearing a proper intereſt. The offer was accepted and the little fortune of Mr. Saville, amounting to ſomewhat leſs than four hundred pounds, was accordingly placed with Mr. Rackrent, and our hero's heart ſet at reſt in that particular.

His lordſhip then propoſed introducing Horatio to the great D—; which was done in form; and after the levee was over, they were favoured with an audience of near five minutes by that nobleman, who being previouſly informed of all particulars relative to the perſon before him, ſurveyed him with great attention, crying, — 'Ha!—Saville—Yes, I know the fa-'mily—They once had an intereſt in the 'corporation of ***.—Aye! a fine youth, 'a very fine youth.—Let me ſee—Oh! 'an enſigncy.—Wiſh he had been my do-'meſtic;

'meſtic; but you will ſerve us, my lord, 'in return?' His lordſhip bowing his aſſent, the duke continued, 'Very well, 'fulfil conditions; for I muſt diſappoint 'Sir John Downing, and the little baron, 'you know I muſt, my lord; but it ſhall 'be done. Morning to your lordſhip.— 'Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, your obedient. 'Excuſe me, muſt dreſs for c—t.' His grace then rung for a ſervant, who conducted them out; and thus ended this viſit.

The earl expatiated greatly on the m—r's politeneſs, and Horatio was perſuaded to believe he had every thing to hope, at the ſame time that a certain wiſe counſellor, who frequently gives advice without fee or reward, and is but little attended to, (called the heart) told him he had rather every thing to fear.

In ſhort, he left his patron more dejected than elated, at which Smythe ſeemed not a little ſurprized, as fearing he had met a repulſe. But when he heard the ſtory of the proceeding, he affected to be extremely angry with his friend for ſuffering melancholy to get any hold on him, when his fortune was juſt on the point of being made; 'for, ſaid he, his grace is 'the moſt punctual to his word of any 'man living; and as to power, the ****'s 'is entirely his own; why, there was the 'great B—, now a lord, would you believe it, he was at firſt a perſon of an 'obſcure family, but genteelly bred, applied, as you might, to the Earl of L—'s 'father, who introduced him to my lord 'duke; he became only his gentleman 'out of livery, but his grace's intereſt 'quickly procured him a commiſſion, 'and now he is a lieutenant-general. His

'grace

'grace is noted for preferring his depen-
'dants and domeſticks; which made him
'uſe an expreſſion, which, as you are not
'acquainted with his *manner* (for every
'Great Man has a *manner*) did not pleaſe
'you:—But, come—d—n it, you are
'hipp'd—that's all, ſo we'll go, and take
'a glaſs at the old place, where we ſhall
'ſee ſome new company, or I am miſin-
'formed.' And ſo ſaying, he took Mr. Saville, almoſt by force, away with him to the B—d.

CHAP. XVIII.

A noble Converſation, calculated for the Meridian of St. James's.

THE earl and Mr. Saville had ſcarce withdrawn when his grace of B— entered to his grace of N—; and the latter, totally forgetting that he was engaged at c—t, began a converſation with the noble duke. 'Who does your grace con-
'ceive (ſays he, laughing) I have juſt diſ-
'patched?—Muſt tell you indeed—The
'Earl of L—, upon honour, and with
'him a young ſuitor,' 'What, come to
'ſollicit his penſion,—I ſuppoſe, my lord.'
'No, indeed, to aſk a commiſſion for the
'youth I mentioned.' 'It is not ſurpriz-
'ing, returned the D— of B—, your
'grace knows *he is fond of youths.*'—
'True, ſays the other. Indeed, my lord,
'I can't conceive how his lordſhip ma-
'nages,

'nages,—can't indeed.—Why, his credit,
'one would have thought, had been loſt
'long ago, ever ſince the affair of young
'T—; but 'tis not our buſineſs, and as
'for his eſtate, your grace knows—.'
'True, ſays B—, I have reaſon to know
'it, ſince I have a mortgage on it, thanks
'to my ſteward's care.—But the ſtrip-
'ling, my lord?'—'Don't know him, in-
'deed, my lord; but have promiſed,—
'No great matter, I believe; only to
'blind the young gentleman.—His lord-
'ſhip will ſcarce ever ſolicit the perfor-
'mance.—The youth's in a fair way to be
'ruined.—Pity him, indeed; but your
'grace knows, now things are at a criſis,
'we muſt be liberal in promiſes, not ſtand
'for trifles.'

This is all the converſation that came to our ears, and being ſufficient to give the reader an idea of the affair, we will take

leave of this noble company, and deſcend to the B—d at Covent Garden, where Smythe and our hero arrived at the uſual hour; — they found the circle ſet, and amongſt them a young man of a pleaſant aſpect, and gentle deportment, whom the doctor introduced to the company as his couſin. 'This, my kinſman, is ſhortly 'to ſet out on a long voyage (ſaid he) but 'in the interim will be glad to be ho-'noured with your company.' This young gentleman ſeemed however not entirely ſatisfied with the converſation of his introducer, who concealed, under a very demure aſpect, the heart of a mere libertine. He was perpetually lamenting the depravity of manners, the abuſe of religion, the ill ſucceſs of virtue, and the triumphs of vice; but in ſuch a manner, as a diſcerning perſon might eaſily diſcover, through this diſguiſe, the badneſs of his heart. And indeed it did not entirely eſcape

cape our hero's penetration; but in this, as in many other things, he ſuffered himſelf to be over-ruled, and ſacrificed to deſigning men his better reaſon.

In the courſe however of this evening's converſation, ſome little altercations paſſed between the doctor and our hero, in which the latter was rather too ſarcaſtic, and ſomething like ſatisfaction was talked of; but the affair was made up, by the interceſſion of Smythe and others.

Meanwhile the young ſtranger ſeemed much diſpleaſed at his couſin's behaviour, and greatly taken with the manly and affable deportment of Mr. Saville, who on his part was not leſs pleaſed with the elegance of the youth's breeding, the juſtneſs and propriety of his ſentiments, and the artleſs, yet engaging manner in which they were delivered.

When the company broke up, which was not till three in the morning, Mr. Saville could not help aſking Smythe who that young gentleman was;— To which the other replied, 'A very extraordinary 'perſonage, and I will, if you pleaſe, en-'tertain you with his hiſtory.' To which Horatio aſſenting, he proceeded thus;

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Hiſtory of the young BALFOUR.

'THE name of this ſtranger is Balfour. His father was a native of Ireland, 'and bore a commiſſion in the king's 'ſervice. He was killed at the ſiege of '——, and left this, his only ſon, an or-'phan, on the wide world, at the age 'of ſeven years; for his mother had 'been dead a long time ſince.—In his dy-'ing moments, he begged his Charles 'might be committed to the care of his 'couſin, to whom he had already made 'over, in truſt, what little he was poſſeſſed 'of.—The doctor accordingly took upon 'him the office of his guardian; and the 'youth had not attained his fifteenth year 'before a mutual paſſion was obſerved to 'ſubſiſt between him and the doctor's on-'ly daughter, a young lady of great ac-

'compliſhments.—To this the parent did 'not ſeem averſe, but was rather prompt 'to nouriſh the flame; and matters pro-'ceeded ſo ſucceſsfully that within ſix 'months the two lovers were on the point 'of being happy, when all on a ſudden 'Dr. Seyton altered his mind, removed 'his daughter into the moſt northern part 'of Ireland, and himſelf, together with 'his ward, ſet out for the neareſt port to 'embark for Britain.

'But juſt when he was about to take 'ſhipping for England, the young gen-'tleman eluded his vigilance and eloped 'from him, followed his couſin into the 'North, brought her back to Dublin, 'and was juſt on the point of marrying 'her, when her father arrived, and forced 'her from him. She has ſince proved 'with child by her couſin; and her fa-'ther, inſtead of covering the ſhame of

'his

'his family by matching her with the 'youth who would on his knees have re-'ceived her, has ſent her abroad, but no 'one knows where. Meanwhile the young 'gentleman has been tried in ſeveral ſta-'tions of life, but has been ever ſince ſo 'unſettled in his mind, that he has re-'ſolved at all events to quit a kingdom 'where he can no longer hope for hap-'pineſs, and has compounded for ſome-'what leſs than half his fortune with his 'kinſman, to be at liberty to go to the 'Indies, whither it ſhould ſeem he ima-'gines his beloved couſin is ſent.'

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

An anonymous Letter; and its Conſequences.

HORATIO was greatly moved at this relation, and was going to comment on the ſtrange, extravagant diſpoſitions of ſome people, which ſeem bent, as it were, to thwart the deſigns of Providence, when on a ſudden he recollected his engagement with Captain Belmont, which however it was now too late to fulfil: he therefore quitted Smythe, and retired to his own lodgings, full of vexation, where he found a letter left with his ſervant, written in a female character; the contents of which, on opening it, he found were as follows:

'SIR,

'I think it my duty, though unknown 'to you, to inform you of ſomething 'which

'which nearly concerns your welfare, and 'has a more eſpecial regard to your con-'nections with a ſet of people who will 'ruin you; but it is not ſafe for me to 'ſet down any more here at preſent; only 'meet me near Roſamond's Pond to-'morrow evening at nine.

'I am, Sir,

'Your Friend,

Dover-ſtreet, April 5.

'And Well-wiſher,

M. P.

Horatio read this epiſtle, and examined it, ſeveral times over, but could not recollect the hand; he was partly ſuſpicious indeed that ſome trick was intended to be put upon him, but reſolved however to be at the place. He paſſed the night reſtleſs with anxious thoughts, and appeared

peared to himſelf as one who on a dark evening is verging contiually towards a precipice.

Louiſa was not, ſpite of all his endeavours, ſo entirely forgot, but that ſometimes her idea would ſhoot into his mind, and a ſigh heave involuntarily from his breaſt. But the round of diverſions in which he was conſtantly engaged, would not ſuffer theſe thoughts to engroſs much of his attention. Of all the arguments which can ſubdue love or grief in the minds of youth, there is none like pleaſure; and after we have exhauſted whatever aids we can poſſibly draw from experience, learning ancient or modern, or all the conſolations of our deareſt friends, one complete round of diverſions will often outweigh them all.

He went, however, at the time appointed, having ordered his ſervant to be within call, where we ſhall leave him, waiting for the lady, and return again to Miſs Louiſa, whom we left in the country, inconſolable for the loſs of her lover.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

The Hiſtory returns to LOUISA.—Several affecting Speeches, and intereſting Situations.

HORATIO had no ſooner departed from the houſe of Acaſto, than Miſs Louiſa fell into ſuch violent convulſions, as the phyſicians deemed the effect of her malady, which they had long ſince, in very learned terms, at firſt, declared to be no other than a low, nervous, intermitting fever; and ſuch indeed was the *effect*, but the *cauſe* was too deep for them to penetrate. It is no wonder, however, if the good Acaſto gueſſed it. Without communicating his ſuſpicions, he took the moſt tender care of her till the time of her recovery: but when he found ſhe had got a little the better of her malady, he thus addreſſed her.

'My

'My dear Louiſa, you know you have 'ever been my darling, all my care has 'been beſtowed upon you, and I have 'ever flattered myſelf you have de-'ſerved it. You have never diſobeyed 'me in any thing; and in return I have 'never denied you any thing. There was 'a time when I was thought a proper per-'ſon to be entruſted with your ſecrets, 'why am I now a ſtranger to your breaſt? 'I am but too well aſſured that the diſ-'order which has ſo lately oppreſſed you, 'is rather a diſorder of the mind than of 'the body: can you not, Louiſa, intruſt 'your father with the ſecret of your heart, 'can you not diſcloſe to me what it is that 'oppreſſes you? Perhaps a father's care 'may remove the cauſe, and diſſipate that 'gloom which ſtill hangs upon your 'brow.'——'Oh! never, never (anſwer-'ed the mourning Fair One) my ſorrows

'are

'are too deeply fixed to be eraſed.—Ah! 'what have I ſaid?' 'Oh Louiſa, my 'dear daughter, replied Acaſto, treat me 'not as a ſtranger, but as a tender parent, 'and a conſtant friend; explain yourſelf 'to me; and think not to find in me the 'rigid judge, but the compaſſionate, the 'loving confidant.'—With ſuch ſoothing ſpeeches did he at laſt bring Louiſa to own, what already he was but too certain of. And this point being gained, he began to expoſtulate with her on the ſuppoſed unworthineſs of her lover, of which he recapitulated many inſtances. Poor Louiſa was indeed unable to anſwer, but by her tears, and Acaſto thus proceeded. 'My dear child, I have ever eſteem-'ed your happineſs as my own; and I 'can conſent to any thing but that you 'ſhould make yourſelf miſerable. But it 'is natural for us to be blind to the fail-

'ings

'ings of thoſe we love. Horatio, though 'young, is artful: a long time did he de-'ceive *me*: Can you not ſuppoſe it much 'more eaſy for him to deceive *you*, alrea-'dy prejudiced in his favour? Reflect on 'his laſt exploit, which obliged me to re-'ſign that charge his good father had 'with tears conſigned to me; conſider 'that, and then anſwer me, whether he 'is worthy of you and your fortune, or 'whether he is worthy to live amongſt ſo-'ciety?' 'If he were guilty—ſaid Louiſa,' —'What a prejudice,—How can you 'doubt it?'—'Becauſe I do not, pardon 'me, Sir, if ſay I do not entertain ſo good 'an opinion of his accuſer.'—'Have a 'care, Louiſa, leſt you make me think, 'like too many of your ſex, you prefer the 'wild and profligate to the diſcreet and 'ſober.'—'Mr. Branſley is—what I owe 'too much reſpect to the preſence of a fa-

'ther

'ther to name, ſaid Louiſa.'—'Be ſilent 'I charge you, as you value my love and 'affection, returned Acaſto; I will not 'hear a word againſt that worthy youth. I 'ſhould be ſorry to think, Louiſa, that a 'perſon had ſunk lower in your eſteem, 'for no other reaſon than becauſe he 'ſtood high in mine: — Is it becauſe you 'fear my regard is turned too much to-'wards him. I cannot ſuppoſe that a ſor-'did intereſt has any ſhare in your judg-'ment, or elſe ——.' Here his daugh-ter burſt into a flood of tears, which much affected him, and he thus pro-ceeded. 'It grieves me to ſee you thus, 'Louiſa; but no more of this. — I once 'eſteemed Horatio; nay, I will own, I 'ſhould have thought myſelf happy in 'calling him ſon, I ſaw with pleaſure that 'growing paſſion you endeavoured to con-'ceal, at the ſame time I ſuffered it to

'meet

'meet with difficulties, as the ſureſt means
'to increaſe and ſecure it. But the re-
'peated perfidies of your unworthy lover
'have rooted him out of my eſteem, and
'ſhould out of your's. Were there but
'this one argument it were ſufficient: he
'who is an ungrateful friend will never
'be a ſincere lover. Compoſe yourſelf,
'therefore, and ſince I have condeſcend-
'ed to give you ſuch forcible reaſons for
'my conduct, do not you perverſely diſ-
'pute againſt it. For this time I will
'leave you: but when next I ſee you,
'perhaps I may, if I find you diſpoſed
'to liſten to me, entertain you with a dif-
'ferent ſubject. Meanwhile comfort your-
'ſelf in the aſſurance, that I ſhall never
'force your inclinations in any thing, nor
'act in any way that may be deſtructive
'of your happineſs.'

Here

Here Acaſto withdrew, and left his daughter in a diſagreeable ſituation: ſhe revolved all that he had ſaid, in her mind, and in ſpite of her regard for Mr. Saville, ſhe could not help thinking many parts of his conduct apparently exceptionable; yet ſo far was ſhe from adopting the opinion of her parent, that ſhe could not help lamenting, in the moſt grievous manner, his abſence, which ſhe deemed one of the greateſt misfortunes. If the reader ſhould aſk what ſhe thought of the affairs with her aunt, Lady Marſham, he might perhaps ſtart a queſtion, which neither we nor the lady herſelf could anſwer. The evidence of Branſley, and of every one who entered the room at that critical juncture, was, on the one hand, againſt him; on the other, he had indeed in a letter conveyed to his miſtreſs the real account of the affair, in which however he had no witneſs

to

to ſecond him.—In ſhort, Louiſa was in a cruel perplexity, and the faithful Mariamne, whilſt ſhe attempted to adminiſter comfort to her lady, was herſelf a prey to grief; a hopeleſs flame conſumed her; her youth and beauty withered in their bloom; nay, ſo viſible was the alteration, that Miſs, C—, who little dreamt of the cauſe, could not help taking notice of the effect. Mariamne, when queſtioned, reddened deeply, and, being farther preſſed, begged earneſtly to be excuſed from reciting her grief, which ſhe ſaid was irremediable. Louiſa, ever tender, forbore farther to inſiſt upon her unfolding what muſt give her pain to diſcloſe.

Branſley, whoſe ſchemes were deeply laid, with ſecret ſatisfaction ſaw them begin to take effect. He had already drove Mr. Saville from the family, he had ingratiated himſelf with Acaſto, and turned what

what had nigh been his ruin, to his advantage. The devices of ill men often ſucceed in this ſublunary world; they impoſe on mortals; the eye of heaven indeed ſees through their vile deſigns, and if it does not always overturn and confound them in the eyes of all, yet they paſs not with impunity: they have their reward. But heaven had little ſhare in the ſerious thoughts of Branſley, though it was ever uppermoſt in his mouth. He was as complete a hypocrite as ever breathed between heaven and earth.—We now think it incumbent on us to inform the reader, that this Branſley was the very perſon who debauched Sally Stokes, and afterwards prevailed on the girl to lay the crime to the charge of Horatio. Sally found herſelf entirely in his power. She knew, in the firſt place, that ſhould ſhe accuſe him, there was little chance of her finding any credit; as he had managed matters ſo, that

that he was never ſeen, without a diſguiſe, to enter her father's little tenement, whereas Mr. Saville had often been obſerved paſſing in and out, on account of his correſpondence with Louiſa. Beſides, ſhe was allured with the greateſt promiſes, in caſe ſhe would comply to be his inſtrument of vengeance on Horatio, whoſe dreſs he had more than once aſſumed, to carry on his intrigue: from this girl he learned all the particulars of the correſpondence between the two lovers; divers parts of which, with many exaggerations, he did not fail to communicate at times to Acaſto. That good gentleman had now nothing ſo much at heart, as a match between his daughter and Mr. Branſley, and conſequently was not a little diſpleaſed to find Louiſa entertained ſuch a bad opinion of one whom he intended to recommend to her as a huſband. Nor was he thoroughly ſatisfied with the intimacy

which appeared to ſubſiſt between his ward and the younger Miſs Sydenham, which we have noticed in the former part of this volume.

Taking therefore an opportunity, one day, in private, to ſpeak to the young gentleman, after having ſounded him on that head, Branſley, who knew his cue, having forced his guardian to be very explicit with him concerning the reaſons of propoſing this ſubject, at laſt delivered his anſwer in theſe terms. 'Sir, I owe too 'much to you, not to give you all the ſa- 'tisfaction in my power, in any thing you 'aſk, and to reſolve you whatever queſ- 'tions you may think proper to propoſe. '—You would know, I preſume, the na- 'ture of my correſpondence with Miſs 'Iſabella Sydenham.—It is ſuch, on my 'ſide, as need not be a ſecret to the whole 'world, much leſs to you, my guardian,

'my

'my father. I am then to inform you,
'that I entertain nothing beyond *eſteem*
'for that lady, and feel no other ſatisfac-
'tion in her company, than that which
'ariſes from friendſhip.' 'Is it poſſible?
'ſaid Acaſto, and yet the world—' 'Par-
'don me, Sir, the world, in general, are
'ignorant of my motives of action. Miſs
'Iſabella has (unhappily I may ſay, ſince
'I cannot return them) fixed her affec-
'tions on me; I cannot, as I well know
'the ſenſibility of her heart, I dare not ap-
'pear indifferent to her: but my tender-
'neſs ariſes not from love, but compaſ-
'ſion.'—'Is not the diſtinction too nice?
'(ſaid Acaſto) is not compaſſion in a per-
'ſon of your years, another name for a
'ſtronger affection of the mind?'—'No,
'on my ſoul, replied young Branſley,
'*that*, and *that alone*, is the ſource whence
'my tenderneſs ſprings for the unfortu-
'nate beauty, ſince I cannot but ſuppoſe

'we are obliged to thoſe who love us, 'though we ſhould not be able to return 'the paſſion.'—'Is then your heart un-'touched?—[Here Branſley was ſilent.] 'Why would you make me a ſtranger to 'your thoughts? perhaps, though old, I 'might prove an uſeful confident. Speak, 'then, ſincerely. Do you know no lady 'with whom you think you could be hap-'py, and without whom you could 'never be completely bleſſed?'—'If I 'do know ſuch an one, ſaid the artful 'youth, it were, perhaps, better I had ne-'ver known her; for—but I am ſilent. '—Why will you preſs me to ſpeak what 'may diſpleaſe you, and will certainly ne-'ver do me any ſervice?' This denial, as he had foreſeen, only ſerved to make Acaſto the more eager in inſiſting to know, what the other ſuffered him to wind out of him by ſlow degrees; and when he had diſcloſed his paſſion for Miſs C—, fell at the

the feet of her father to implore a pardon, who raiſed him, with aſſurances that he would employ all his intereſt with his daughter, and try every method (force alone excepted) to bring her to a compliance. Nor did he fail to beſtow ſome very laviſh encomiums on the humanity and ſelf-denial of Branſley, who having finiſhed this ſolemn farce, withdrew, with great ſatisfaction, to his chamber, where he applauded himſelf in ſecret, for having played his part ſo well, and ſat down to plot freſh miſchiefs.

Meanwhile the young Iſabella began to ſee herſelf ſlighted, and pined with vexation: it is true her ſuppoſed lover had never made any declarations of his paſſion, nor requeſted leave of her parents to addreſs her, yet both ſhe and they had the greateſt reaſon to look upon him in the light of a lover, and the world had long ſince given her to him as a wife.

Mr. Maiſley, ſaid they, has been unhappy in the conduct of one daughter, who has thrown herſelf away; but he will be repaid in that of the other, who, with half the prudence, half the accompliſhments of her ſiſter, will make a wiſer choice, and one more agreeable to her father.

That gentleman, after the elopement of Leonora, had, for the firſt time, ſoftened his auſtere conduct towards his yet remaining daughter; for it aroſe not from the partial conſideration that they were not his own children, on the contrary, if they had, they would, in all probability, have been treated ſtill more rigidly. However he might be (as indeed he ever was) above acknowledging his error; yet he ſeemed in his alteration of conduct to give a tacit confeſſion of it, a circumſtance very agreeable to Iſabella. So much the more was her vexation, to find herſelf neglected by

one

one, who, when he met with leſs encouragement, ſeemed to hover about her like her ſhadow; and one with whom ſhe would, perhaps, gladly have followed the example of her ſiſter, had ſhe ſeen occaſion and opportunity. It was not long before ſhe too plainly perceived the cauſe of her lover's coolneſs, ſince, in proportion as he withdrew his aſſiduities from her, he beſtowed them where they were much leſs welcome, on Miſs Louiſa.

CHAP. XXII.

Mr. MAISLEY's Management of his Family—Strictures on the Character of WANDER.

IT was not without great uneaſineſs that Mr. Maiſley ſaw Iſabella's connections with Branſley break off, whom he had ever beheld as a diſcreet, ſober perſon, and his regard was ſtill farther increaſed when he conſidered him as having great expectations from Acaſto, whom he likewiſe looked upon rather as the guardian of that young gentleman's fortune, than as one who ſupported him on mere charity. The genteel light in which he appeared, favoured this ſuppoſition, and Acaſto ſeemed pleaſed to encourage it, as he thought it would gain his ward much preſent reſpect, and as he was fully determined to provide genteely for him at his death.

Nor

Nor was it with leſs diſpleaſure that the father beheld Iſabella ſo cloſely followed by Wander. That young gentleman, tho' he had in many companies, the art of making himſelf agreeable, could yet by no means practiſe it ſucceſsfully on the ſtoical temper of Mr. Maiſley, which was egregiouſly offended with his irregularities, and deviation from order and the rule of right. Wander's character (as we have before obſerved) would not bear a ſtrict examination. Good and evil, wiſdom and folly were, in him, mingled like the ſhades, in certain colours, which are ſo diſpoſed, that now one, now the other predominates, according to the light in which they are viewed. If thoſe are termed *changeable colours*, ſurely the others may, with equal propriety, be called *changeable tempers*. However ſenſible he might appear, he could ſcarcely be ſaid to have

any fixed principle or deſign; and though he ſeemed to be in love with Virtue, would often quit her for novelty; though he was a profeſſed votary of wiſdom, he would frequently quit her for whim and caprice. Perpetually unſettled, he could ſcarcely lay claim to any character, and was conſtant to nothing but a love of variety. Yet it is not to be wondered he was ſo well received in general, if we conſider this diſpoſition to change is grown much in vogue; as by perpetually ſhifting, the ſcene is always entertaining; and though ſuch a character is far from being deſirable in a friend, yet it often conſtitutes a chearful companion. Few people look farther than the ſuperficies in theſe caſes, till they have occaſion for a more intimate connection; but it then frequently appears that thoſe who were the very life of converſation, and the *beſt company in the univerſe*, are found too light, in the ballance of reaſon,

for

for the ſocial duties of life. But fickle as he was, there exiſted in the heart of Wander ſuch latent principles of real goodneſs, as, could his volatile temper once be fixed, might have ſtamped on his character the price of real worth; and theſe (even as it was) would ſometimes ſhine out ſo unaffectedly, as to beſpeak the love of thoſe with whom he was connected. Unhappily for his paſſion, Mr. Maiſley was one who made no allowance to the temper of others, though his own required much. In the article of fortune, Wander was beſides very deficient; actually poſſeſſing but little, and being in the ready road to diſſipate that little, at perpetual variance with moſt of his friends, that could be ſuppoſed to be of ſervice to him, and intimately connected with Belmont, who had already diſobliged the family in which he was ſeeking an alliance.

All theſe conſiderations induced Mr. Maiſley to forbid this gentleman, in a formal

mal manner, from viſiting at his houſe; but as he perceived that was not a caution ſufficient to be taken with one of his wild turn, he reſolved to remove his daughter, for a time, to a relation's, ſome miles nearer the metropolis. That young lady, though ſhe had not entirely ſhaken off her affection for Branſley, was inclined to encourage Wander's addreſſes, rather than be without an admirer. Beſides, it was a kind of little revenge which her vanity, being highly piqued, urged her to. Her new lover was one well calculated to inſinuate himſelf into her good graces, now her heart was not ſo deeply engaged; and accordingly he was making his advantage of the time, when this ſudden reſolution of Mr. Maiſley's overturned all his ſchemes. But, leaving him to his own reflections on this diſappointment, we will now return to our heroine.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Louisa ſets out for her Aunt Lovian's.—Deſcription of that Lady's Manſion; together with a ſhort Hiſtory of Mrs. Deborah Crossly.—A melancholy Accident.

ACASTO ſtrove, by every poſſible method, to win for his ward the affections of his daughter, but he ſoothed and threatened equally in vain. 'I cannot, 'Sir, ſaid ſhe, I will not ſuppoſe you in-'tend to make your child miſerable: I 'have not the leaſt affection for Mr. 'Branſley: there is ſomething oppoſite 'in our very natures, which no time nor 'circumſtance in life can be able to re-'concile.' 'Ah! Louiſa—deceive not 'at once both me and yourſelf, ſaid her 'father, I know your heart has conceiv-'ed a fooliſh fondneſs for a baſe wretch; 'but caſt him off, as you would be 'thought

'thought dutiful. What! ſhall it be ſaid, 'that the virtuous Louiſa, the joy of her 'parent, diſobeyed him for the ſake of a 'worthleſs ——?' 'Spare the repetition, 'ſaid the young lady. Promiſe me only 'that you will not force me to marry one 'I cannot love, and I never will match 'myſelf without your conſent.' 'Paſ-'ſion and reaſon, returned her father, are 'generally incompatible: I cannot anſwer 'for you, nor can you anſwer for your-'ſelf what you may do. But I offer you a 'worthy young man: do not, by your be-'haviour, induce me to think that he is 'the leſs regarded merely becauſe I pro-'poſe him. I know you ſeek not riches: 'he is young, handſome, ſober, diſcreet, 'and doats upon you.—Let me call you 'both my children; and be you again my 'dutiful daughter. Liſten to his ſuit. 'Tell me, at leaſt, that you will encou-'rage his addreſſes.'—'Pardon me, Sir,

'pardon

'pardon your child (throwing herſelf on
'her knees) but I never can—it muſt not
'be; oh! if you knew my ſentiments of
'Branſley—.' 'Let me hear them, ſaid
'Acaſto, raiſing her,'—'Then—then—
'be not angry, my dear father, I eſteem
'him as a ſerpent in your boſom, that will
'deſtroy your peace, and never can I be
'joined with him; fire and water, light
'and darkneſs are not more oppoſite.'—
'And thus I am anſwered, ſaid Acaſto.—
'Hear, then, the laſt I ſhall ſay to you on
'this ſubject. I am now too fully con-
'vinced, from your own mouth, of that
'determined wilfulneſs and obſtinacy I
'have been informed you boaſted of.—
'Reply not—I know that your heart is
'ſet on one who has a much greater title
'to the name of villain, than him you have
'dared to brand with it. Once I flatter-
'ed myſelf that you would have been the
'means of ſweetening life to me, a com-

'fort

'fort to my declining years,—that hope 'is paſſed; but if I am unhappy I will not 'permit you to make yourſelf miſerable. 'To-morrow you ſhall ſet out for your 'aunt Lovian's—ſhe may work what I 'cannot: when you conſent to receive 'the viſits of Mr. Branſley, I deſire to ſee 'you, and not till then. Adieu! this is 'our parting. The coach ſhall attend 'you in the morning.' Louiſa was preparing to throw herſelf at the feet of her parent to intreat him not to baniſh her from his preſence and give her over to the tyranny of her aunt; but Acaſto, fearing her ſupplicating might ſway him from his purpoſe, left her abruptly, though his aged eyes were brimful of tears. Mariamne, in the mean time, was diſplaced, and Miſs Louiſa, together with a new attendant, ſet forward for her aunt Lovian's habitation, which was at the diſtance of near fifty miles, in an adjacent county,

county, ſituated at the bottom of a vaſt hill, in a dreary country. The manſion was gloomy as its poſſeſſor, of whoſe diſpoſition the uncultivated ſoil gave evident tokens. Our heroine arrived, was received with all that formality ſo generally charged upon antiquated maidens, and ſoon perceived, by the treatment ſhe met with, that whatever gloſs might be put on the affair, ſhe was ſent hither rather as to a place of confinement, than on a viſit to a relation.

Miſs Lovian had a kind of houſe-keeper, waiting-woman, or companion (for, to ſay the truth, at times ſhe was each of the three) whoſe mame was Deborah, and who, by way of diſtinction, was always called *Miſtreſs* Deborah: now this ſecond-hand gentlewoman might, in many reſpects, be ſaid to be the very counterpart of her ſovereign lady: ſhe pretended to be a modeſt,

modeſt, diſcreet, ſober, maiden lady, about the age of thirty, of a good family, but one who had met with misfortunes in the world, which had reduced her to the capacity of an attendant: but in reality ſhe was an hypocritical, ill-natured, conceited prude, who had paſſed above forty-five years in an unſocial life; the ten laſt of which were ſpent in a perpetual war with youth and beauty, as ſhe found the former began to forſake her, and the latter ſhe never had any ſort of pretenſions to.

This Mrs. Deborah Croſsly was born in a country village, and might have figured in the *Ordinary*'s account, being deſcended 'OF POOR, BUT HONEST, PARENTS.' Gaffer Croſsly was eſteemed a harmleſs, good-natured, inoffenſive perſon, and, in the common phraſe, '*as honeſt a man as* '*ever broke bread.*' Goody Croſsly was beloved by all the neighbourhood, and, through the intereſt of a friendly farmer,

was

was preferred to the ſervice of Lady Airy, who owned all the adjacent manor, to nurſe her in her lying-in. She had not lived there above two years, before it happened that her ladyſhip proved pregnant a ſecond time. The fruit of her firſt labour was an heir to the eſtate, which died; the ſecond was a girl; the latter of which was arrived at her ſixteenth year, when Goody Croſsly, as ſhe was called, going the way of all fleſh, her daughter Deborah was admitted into the family, at firſt only as houſe-maid, but afterwards preferred to wait on Miſs Airy. This young lady had conceived a violent paſſion for a ſea-officer of the name of Worthy, which her parents by no means approved, as his fortune was far inferior to that which they propoſed giving with their daughter.—Deborah, who was ever remarkable, while a child, for telling tales, and doing ill offices to her play-fellows, had now an opportunity

portunity of a full exertion of her talents in making miſchief.—She had been ſet as a ſpy over the actions of Miſs Airy, and executed her office ſo well, that ſhe might have vied with the moſt watchful duenna that Eſtremadura ever gave birth to. She was made privy to all the meetings of Miſs Airy with her lover, and ſhe ſcrupled not immediately to give information of all that had paſſed at them; one little circumſtance excepted, which always ſlipped her memory, namely, the money ſhe had taken for connivance. In conſequence of her informations, the lady was ſoon confined to her chamber: Deborah then accepted preſents from the lover to convey letters to his miſtreſs, which ſhe inſtantly gave up to the parents, and was by them rewarded for her fidelity. Meanwhile, a young eſquire, of the name of Ancram, got permiſſion from her father, Sir John, to addreſs Miſs Airy, and Captain Worthy being

ing ſuddenly called to London, the baronet reſolved to take the opportunity of making up this match, which was no leſs diſagreeable to his child than it was agreeable to him. In ſhort, Miſs proved ſo reſolute in her denials, that neither promiſes nor threatenings availed any thing, till Mrs. Deborah undertook, for a ſum of money from the eſquire, to bring it about; which ſhe effected, by perſuading the young lady that Captain Worthy was inconſtant. To make this ſeem probable, ſhe got ſome of his letters to her, which were filled with the moſt endearing expreſſions, and procured an exciſeman, who had a knack at imitating hands, and was dependant on the Airy family, to counterfeit directions to another perſon, and putting them in freſh covers, preſented them to her young miſtreſs, who, enraged at her lover's inconſtancy, threw herſelf into the arms of the eſquire; and for this piece of

ſervice

ſervice, that gentleman ſettled twenty pounds a year on her for life: a few trifling ill conſequences however followed ſome time after; for the deceit being found out, and the captain of a warm temper, meeting the eſquire, ſomewhat elevated by the free circulation of the glaſs, a rencounter enſued, in which the latter was deſperately wounded, and the former fled to France: the hurts which Mr. Ancram, received, however, proving not to be mortal, Captain Worthy prepared to return to England, as ſoon as he heard his antagoniſt was out of danger; but embarking, in his hurry, in an open boat, they were overſet, in a heavy ſquall, between Dover and Calais, and every perſon on board periſhed. Miſs Airy, oppreſſed with affliction, fell into a high fever, attended by a delirium, which carried her off: her miſtaken parents, convinced of their error, now began to accuſe themſelves, and the in-

inſtruments, they had made uſe of, thus to ſacrifice their daughter; and Mrs, Deborah, finding herſelf about to be treated as a mercenary agent of miſchief, and diſliked by the very people who employed her, very prudently thought proper to retreat from a family where there was no longer any thing to be got, having firſt ſold her annuity, and removed to another part of the country, where ſhe was not known, there, ingratiating herſelf with a female ſhopkeeper, ſhe became her partner; at whoſe death ſhe contrived, by the help of a lawyer's clerk, to make a will for her in her own favour, whereby ſhe became poſſeſſed of the ſhop, and about three hundred pounds in money and goods, which, with what ſhe had ſaved, enabled her to appear well in the world. But her buſineſs ſoon began to decline; the *fooliſh honeſty* of the country-people, who imagined ſhe did not come fairly by

by what ſhe had ſo *prudently* procured, prevented their dealing with her; and in a little time ſhe failed, owing to that circumſtance, and another unlucky one, which was, that the lawyer's clerk made a demand of ſomewhat more than ſhe thought proper to give him, or indeed could well ſpare at that time; but knowing how much ſhe was in his power, there was an obligation for her to comply, however unreaſonable his terms might appear in her eyes.

From this place ſhe removed once again; and, in virtue of her hypocriſy, behaved ſo well, for ſome time, in a neighbouring town, that ſhe got herſelf recommended to Miſs Lovian, who now kept her as a ſpy on her niece, her abilities for which office will hardly be doubted, after what we have related above. Louiſa was extremely uneaſy when ſhe perceived herſelf thus

thus a ſlave to a ſervant, as ſhe had enough to torment her in the humours of the miſtreſs, who was perpetually giving her lectures on that virtue which in herſelf aroſe from neceſſity, rather than choice, and which ſhe ſeemed perpetually obtruding on the world, as an apology for the deficiency of almoſt all the reſt.—Meanwhile ſhe received a pacquet from her father, incloſing a letter for Branſley, whom he warmly recommended to his daughter for a huſband.—Her aunt, who had alſo letters to the ſame purpoſe, was continually teizing her on the averſion ſhe expreſſed to comply with Acaſto's deſires, or rather commands, to liſten to him. On her refuſal, which the imperious behaviour of her aunt urged her to deliver with ſome warmth, ſhe was ſhut up in her chamber, not ſuffered to ſee a living ſoul but her attendant, and Mrs. Deborah, and treated with the utmoſt cruelty.

'Unhappy Louiſa,' ſhe would ſay, 'what 'haſt thou done, that thou ſhouldſt thus 'be puniſhed; is it a crime to love with 'chaſte affection? Is it a crime to refuſe 'the certain pledge of future unhappineſs? 'Oh! my dear parent, why have you 'thus given up your daughter to the ma-'lice of a cruel relation?' Floods of tears accompanied theſe her ſoliloquies, and ſhe proved every pang that miſery and diſappointed love could inflict. One day while ſhe was venting her griefs alone, Miſs Lovian came in, and with a ſavage joy informed her, that Mr. Saville was falſe to his vows, had ſeduced a lady, and was killed in a duel on her account, by her lover. There wanted but this to complete the woes of her unfortunate niece.—She fell into a ſwoon, from which, when with difficulty ſhe was revived, a ſtrong fever and delirium ſucceeded.

Her

Her aunt, who had not the leaſt grain of humanity in her diſpoſition, only ridiculed her ſufferings; but the *prudent* Mrs. Deborah, perceiving the young lady's agonies to be very violent, began to entertain ſome fears that her life might be in danger; and though no one could, with the leaſt ſhadow of juſtice, accuſe her of pity and compaſſion, yet her thoughts ſuggeſting to her, that if the poor Louiſa ſhould die, Acaſto would neither thank her nor her miſtreſs for their kindneſs, and ſhe might be obliged, once more, to change her quarters, ſhe communicated to Miſs Lovian her ſentiments on this head, and it was agreed to ſend for a phyſician; who arriving, declared the young lady to be in a deſperate condition, and expreſſed ſomething equivalent to a doubt whether the patient would ever again recover her ſenſes, even if ſhe got over her diſorder.

Miſs Lovian, now alarmed, inſtantly diſpatched a meſſenger to Acaſto, who ſet forward with all haſte to ſee his daughter. 'Oh! ſiſter, ſaid he, entering, what have 'you done to my poor Louiſa?'—'I 'have done no more, brother, than your-'ſelf would have juſtified me in, replied 'ſhe, to this obſtinate girl, who has fret-'ted herſelf into a fever becauſe ſhe can't 'have her fellow.' 'I am ſure my lady 'and *I* have done no more than every 'good Chriſtian ought' (ſaid the tender-hearted Mrs. Deborah) 'to bring her to 'obedience; I am ſure, if ſhe dies now, 'I would not have my poor ſoul in her 'caſe.'— 'Hold your tongue, Madam, 'ſaid Acaſto, it was to your miſtreſs I 'was ſpeaking.—I fear, ſiſter, you have 'been too rigid.'—He ſighed; and advanced to the chamber, where, the door being opened, diſcovered to him a ſcene of horror: the poor Louiſa, held in her bed by

by the nurſe and phyſician, in a fit of violent phrenzy, the conſequence of her fever: her bright eyes were alternately obſcured by a ſombrous gloom, and filled with a dreadful wildneſs: her beauteous boſom heaved even to burſting, and her whole frame was in the utmoſt diſorder. Who can expreſs the feelings of the unhappy father, at ſuch a ſight? 'My 'daughter, my Louiſa, he cried, do you 'not know your father?' while ſhe ſtrove to hide herſelf from him, with all the agonies of fear painted in her countenance, crying, 'ſave me, ſave me;' yet her phrenzy ſeemed by degrees to leave her. 'Louiſa, ſaid he, it is your father, who 'loves you: will you not deign him a 'look?'

She ſtared wildly upon him.

'Oh! my ſiſter,' ſaid Acaſto, 'what have 'you done to the dear girl?' 'What

'have *I* done (echoed Miſs Lovian) have 'I done any thing but by your orders? 'Indeed, brother, I muſt tell you—.' 'Peace (ſaid Acaſto) is this a time?' Then walking to the bedſide, he took his daughter's hand, which he held in his, and perceiving ſhe ſeemed to recover, 'Hear 'me, my dear child,' ſaid he, 'I have been 'to blame in ſuffering you to be ſecluded 'from my preſence; but be careful of 'your health, and I will do every thing 'for you a fond parent can do.'— 'Oh! 'Sir, ſaid Louiſa, fetching a deep ſigh 'from the bottom of her breaſt, am I 'again reſtored to you, or is not this a 'dream? And are you indeed my parent? '— I thought my father was not ſo kind, 'of late, to poor Louiſa.'— 'My dear, 'returned he, I was not indeed, but I will 'be more kind to you than you can ima-'gine. And——' 'Ho—ra—tio, ſaid 'ſhe, with a tremulous voice, alas! I have

'loſt

'loſt all happineſs' (weeping.)—'I cannot, I will not deny you any thing, my child: if that unhappy youth will reform,—if he will not ſcorn the offer.'—'Oh! why, ſaid ſhe, do you mock your daughter?—But I hope he is in heaven. To be ſure he was not conſtant; he did not know—Ah! mercy! do you mark how that grave yawns! it is big enough for two.—Do not frown on me' (fixing her eyes on the cieling) 'I will come, indeed I will—oh my ſad heart — There, take me all.' Acaſto was now deſired to withdraw, by the phyſician, which he did with a heavy heart, and eyes overflowing with tears.

As ſoon as he was alone with his ſiſter, he reproached her with exceeding his orders.—She anſwered, not without acrimony, and things were on the point of proceeding to extremity, when the nurſe entered,

tered, telling them that Louiſa, once more returned to herſelf, and had deſired to ſee her father again. Accordingly he made haſte to her chamber, having with ſome difficulty prevailed on his ſiſter to remain below, whoſe ſight he was perſuaded muſt be diſagreeable to her niece. Entering, 'Oh! my father,' ſaid Miſs C—, 'can you 'pardon your daughter; heaven knows 'how I have behaved to you;' (with a pitiful look) 'you are ſenſible my poor 'mind is not right.' After repeated aſſurances of his favour, he could not refrain aſking her what uſage ſhe received from her aunt. 'God forgive her, as I 'do,' was all the anſwer ſhe made. 'But, 'my honoured parent' (changing the ſubject) 'now I cannot be Horatio's, ſince I 'cannot be wedded to the grave, I hope 'you will once more love me as you uſed 'to do; but this is a ſevere trial—I hope 'he is happy.'— 'Hope who is happy?' ſaid

ſaid her father. 'The poor, faithleſs, 'dead youth, my Ho—ra—tio.' Acaſto now perceived what we have already informed the reader of, and amid his paternal fondneſs undeceived his daughter with regard to the ſtory of his death, promiſing that, if he could bring Mr. Saville to a ſight of his errors, and a thorough reformation, he would join the lovers with more ſatisfaction than he had before ſeparated them. 'And can it be,' cried Louiſa, 'what do I hear? Sure it is ſome angel 'in the ſhape of my father—You are all 'goodneſs—But—huſh!—do you ſee that 'light, how it brightens! Oh! I have 'paſſed the land of troubles, I am now in 'Heaven, I perceive I am: but don't tell 'Branſley, nor my aunt, for fear.' Thus, again, the lovely creature began to rave, exceſs of joy having a ſimilar effect with that of grief, on one in her critical ſituation; and her father was a ſecond time obliged

obliged to retire, being desired by the physicians not to visit her again till she should be nearly recovered from her malady, of which, the next day, they entertained great hopes, now the cause of it seemed to be removed.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.